The Outlook

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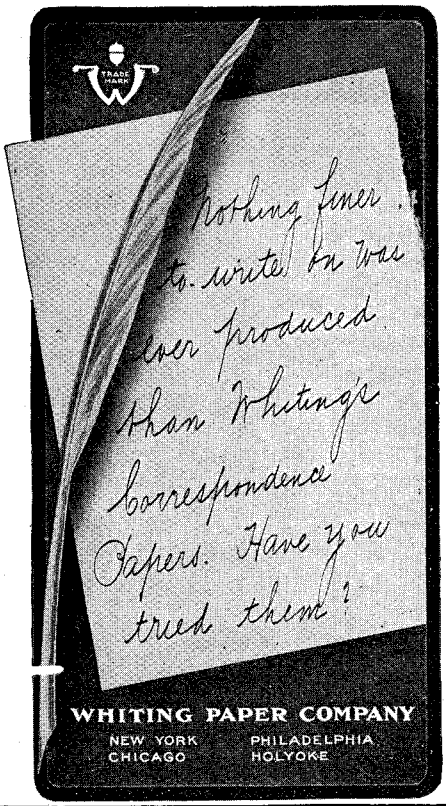
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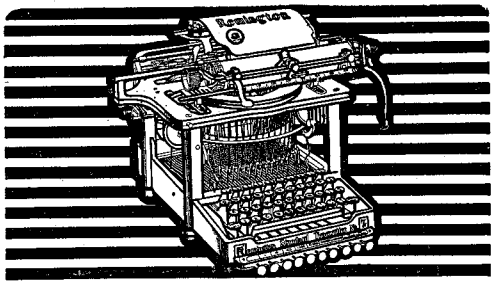

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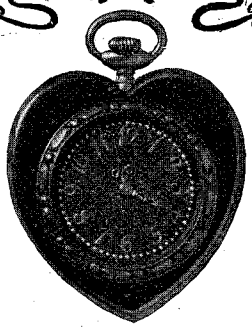

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1904

The Lake Mohonk Conference

In the number and character of the guests attending, and in the expert character of the addresses delivered, the Arbitration Conference this year exceeds in importance, as its utterances will exceed in weight, all its predecessors. This is partly because what a few years ago was a vision seen by idealists, and gravely doubted or openly scouted by men of affairs, has, in an incredibly short time, been proved entirely practicable by a remarkable series of international events. The most important meeting of the Conference was one devoted to listening to business men. Thirteen important Boards of Trade and Commerce of ten different cities, including New Orleans, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, were represented to bear witness by their presence and their speech to the value that the commercial community attach to the substitution of arbitration for war as a means of settling international disputes. One of the most remarkable papers placed before the Conference was the history of the "Year's Progress in Arbitration," read by Dr. Trueblood. The Venezuela case, in which Venezuela, Great Britain, Germany, and Italy were directly concerned, and the United States, France, Mexico, Spain, the Netherlands, Belgium, and Sweden and Norway were scarcely less directly interested, involving claims to the amount of eight or ten millions of dollars, was submitted to the Hague Tribunal, decided by it, and the decision, though necessarily disappointing to some of the nations interested, has been accepted, if not without a murmur, at least without a suggestion of protest or a thought of resistance. A second case, involving the question whether foreign residents can be taxed by a government for improvements upon land held under a perpetual lease, has been submitted to the Court, and is still pending. The Court has received still more signal support by arbitration treaties entered into between Great Britain and France, France and Italy, Great Britain and Italy, Great Britain and Spain, Holland and Denmark, France and Spain, and France and Holland, by which these Powers have pledged themselves, subject to certain specified limitations, to submit their disputes for the next five years to the Hague Tribunal. The conservatism or the sluggishness of our Senate has prevented our taking the lead in this movement, as we should have done if the treaty negotiated with Great Britain under President Cleveland had been ratified. But the negotiation and ratification of a similar treaty is anticipated by the apparently well informed at no distant day. To these incidents connected directly with the Hague Tribunal must be added others which equally indicate the tendency of our times toward international peace: the settlement of the Alaska boundary by a Joint High Commission; an agreement between Great Britain and France by which these two nations, long enemies and still rivals, "have settled by direct diplomatic means more differences than are likely to be referred to the Hague Court in the next ten years;" the refusal of Switzerland to continue her accustomed rôle of arbitrator in a case arising between Chili and the Argentine Republic, and her reference of these two South American Republics to the Hague Tribunal, and the submission to special arbitration of some eighteen international disputes, any one of which, but for arbitration, might easily have become an occasion for war. Turning from the past, the projects for the future which immediately interest those who are engaged in promoting the substitution of an appeal to reason for the appeal to force as a means of settling international differ-

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ences are three: the negotiation and ratification of arbitration treaties between the United States and the world powers, providing for the settlement of any questions which may arise by referring them to the Hague Tribunal; the completion of the Pan-American Railroad, which when finished will connect the continents of North and South America, the various South American Republics, and the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of South America, and by promoting mutual acquaintance and commercial interchange will promote pacific relations and tend to prevent the constantly recurring revolutions which have been so disastrous to the South American States; and the organization of a Parliament of the World, possessing not legislative but advisory powers, a scheme already receiving the careful attention not only of international reformers, but also of practical statesmen.

❀

Jury Trial in the Philippines

The Supreme Court of the United States has decided, by a vote of five to four, that residents in the Philippines are not entitled to trial by jury. This decision rests on, and is simply a new application of, the principle heretofore affirmed in the insular cases and reaffirmed in the case of Mr. Turner, the deported Anarchist, that aliens and subjects who are neither citizens of the United States nor residing within the United States cannot claim anything under the provisions of the United States Constitution. Trial by jury is not an end in itself, but a means to an end; that end is justice. Trial by jury is a method of securing justice adapted to the people of the United States, but not adapted to all people. The Constitution secures it to the people of the United States, but leaves them free, in the exercise of their sovereignty, to use that or any other method in securing justice to any people who come under their control. And Congress, which has by its act extended over the Philippines other provisions of the Constitution, such as those guaranteeing the right of the accused to be heard by himself and by counsel, to have a speedy and public trial, to meet his witnesses face to face, and not to be put in jeopardy twice for the same offense, has not extended over them the right to trial by jury. The Filipinos cannot, therefore, claim this right, either under the Constitution or as yet under the act of Congress. The basis of this decision, so far as it decides the constitutional rights of the Filipinos, is made perfectly clear in the following paragraph from Mr. Justice Day's opinion:

> That the Constitution of the United States is the only source of power authorizing action by any branch of the Federal Government; that the Government may acquire territory as a sovereign nation and make all needful rules and regulations for the government of the same; that this territory may be possessed and still not incorporated in the body politic. While the territory is in this condition, or thus held, Congress has the right, subject to the restrictions of the Constitution, to make all needful rules and regulations for its government; that the Treaty of Paris, ceding the Philippines to the United States, expressly states in Article 9 that the civil rights and political status of the islands shall be determined and fixed by Congress.

❀

The Meaning of the Decision

This decision was arrived at in affirming the judgment of the Philippine Court convicting Dorr and O'Brien, the editors of a Manila newspaper, of a gross libel. From their names we judge that these editors are not Filipinos; whether they are citizens of the United States or not we do not know; but, from the phraseology of Justice Harlan's dissenting opinion, we judge that they are not citizens. Whether the provisions of the Constitution could be claimed by citizens, whether native or naturalized, if residing in the Philippines, or whether they would be regarded by the Court as coming under the local laws of the subject province if they chose to take up their residence there, does not appear from any report of this decision which we have seen; for the official report has not yet reached us. That, with this possible exception, residents in the Philippines are not under the Constitution of the United States, except in so far as the provisions of the Constitution have been extended over the islands by act of Congress, is made still more clear by another contemporaneous decision of

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the Court, that an accused who had been once acquitted could not be put on trial again after the first judgment of acquittal had been reversed on appeal, and this, not because of the Constitution, but because an act of Congress had provided that no person should be put twice in jeopardy for the same offense. Both judgments of the Supreme Court were rendered by a vote of five to four, though not by the same five to four. We hesitate to criticise judges of the Supreme Court, yet it seems to us that after that Court has thrice decided, as it had prior to this case, that the United States Constitution does not extend over subjects not citizens residing in an acquired province, the minority of that Court ought to accept this as the law of the land, and in all subsequent cases devote themselves exclusively to the question how that law is to be applied in particular cases. If judges of the Supreme Court themselves do not accept the decision of that tribunal when it happens to run counter to their individual opinion, they set a bad example by their refusal to the rest of the community.

❀

Senator Quay At the time of his death Mr. Quay probably exercised as great a political control in Pennsylvania as has ever been exercised by any one man in any American State. This would have been impossible if he had not possessed some admirable moral qualities as well as great intellectual force. A mere charlatan does not maintain such ascendency over men for so long a period of time; nor must it be forgotten that he maintained this ascendency in spite of much able and determined and long-continued opposition. He was a man of broad education and of a real though possibly limited culture. He had a remarkable intuitive knowledge of men, read them easily, saw quickly their strong and weak points, and knew how to avail himself of them. He was a man of generous impulses, which are often found in men of essentially selfish natures, and of broad human sympathies, by which he was often guided, as in his real interest in and service of the Indians. He was always loyal to his followers, who were therefore always loyal to him. But he was an exacting taskmaster, and no man could exert any influence in the party under Mr. Quay's control except as he worked in compliance with the orders of his chief. Intellectual and moral independence are impossible under such a régime. He regarded politics, not as the science of government, not even as the art of governing, but as a game, and to the game he brought the audacity of a soldier of fortune and the conscience of a gambler. He generally played according to the rules of the game, but also he generally knew no higher standard than those rules afford. To win was the ultimate ambition which ruled him, and political principles were only the instrument with which he played the game. He was as ready to sacrifice a principle to check an opponent as a chess-player is to sacrifice a pawn for a like purpose, the only real question being, Would this principle be needed in some future move in the game? He believed with Walpole that every man has his price, and he was always ready to pay the price—out of the public resources—if the man was required. Sometimes the price was a compliment, sometimes an office, sometimes an appropriation to a public benevolence, occasionally, to men of exceptionally sordid nature, a purse of money. His motto was, All is fair in war and politics; and though it may not be altogether safe to trust to surmise in interpreting his inner convictions, we believe that the only dishonesty in politics his conscience recognized was refusal to pay the price that had been promised. He was brought up in a school of politics dominated by Simon Cameron, on whose tuition he improved; and the traditions which he inherited from a corrupt political ancestry he has bequeathed to successors. The hope for Pennsylvania is that he has left behind him no man who unites such masterful intellectual powers with a political conscience so miseducated; and that she may find some political leader who will unite with the administration of her party politics an intellect as acute and a courage as great as Mr. Quay's with a civic conscience of finer

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fiber and a larger and truer sense of the significance of politics as the science of statesmanship.

❀

The Nebraska Platform

Although it has received very little attention from the daily press in the Eastern States, the Nebraska Democratic State Convention, held on June 1, was one of the most important of recent political events. The Convention was representative of the views and purposes of William J. Bryan. Whatever may be said of Mr. Bryan by the leaders of the conservative element that is now getting control of the party in its hands, he still professes to speak for a very large element of the party; he was the candidate for President in the last two campaigns, and he is the leader of a very insistent minority. The Nebraska Democrats made Mr. Bryan chairman of the delegation of St. Louis, and adopted a platform written by him. This was done practically without opposition. Presenting as it does the lines on which Mr. Bryan will make his contest at St. Louis, the platform is as worthy of as careful study as the New York platform on which Judge Parker stands. Nebraska's platform reaffirms the Chicago and Kansas City platforms, which were carefully ignored by New York. It would exterminate all private monopolies by remedies suggested by the Kansas City platform. That is to say, all products of trusts should be placed on the free list; all corporations doing an inter-State business should be required before doing business to make public their affairs as to origin, and prove that they have no watered stock, and have not attempted and will not attempt monopoly; and the whole constitutional power of the Government should be used through existing laws and additional laws to restrain them. The New York platform would merely restrain trusts "that oppress the people and stifle healthy competition.' The Nebraska platform favors a tariff for revenue only, as an additional remedy for the trusts, whereas the New York platform spoke for a "reasonable" revision of the tariff, and free raw material. Unlike the New York platform, Mr. Bryan would provide a new source of revenue, which may be necessary if the tariff is reduced. He would do this by means of such an income tax as was enacted during Cleveland's second administration. He would overcome the Constitutional objections found by the Supreme Court by a majority of one, after reargument, with a Constitutional amendment. Mr. Bryan makes the finances of the Government prominent in his platform, a subject on which the New York Convention was silent. He wants more "standard money." This he defines as "paper money issued by the Government without the intervention of National banks." Thus he would reorganize the entire financial system. He opposes an asset currency and the loaning of public funds to banks. Mr. Bryan also demands an eight-hour day. Here are many distinct points of cleavage between the conservative and radical schools of the Democracy. The reference to the income tax had already appeared in platforms of several Western States, among them Wisconsin, Washington, and Oregon; and while the followers of Mr. Bryan and Mr. Hearst combined may not have a third of the delegates at St. Louis as to candidates, they are hopeful of doing much in the way of shaping the platform, which requires only a majority vote.

❀

Other Democratic Conventions

Recent conventions have strengthened Judge Parker in the South and weakened Hearst in the West. The New York Judge got an instructed delegation in Georgia, and prevented instructions in Michigan, where Daniel J. Campan heads the delegation and claims the twenty-eight votes for Judge Parker under the unit rule. Nebraska's delegates were uninstructed. In Oklahoma there were no instructed Hearst delegates, and Mr. Bryan will control the delegates as to candidates and platform. Hearst delegates were instructed in Wyoming. Opinion is divided as to whether the second indorsement of Judge Parker by Mr. Cleveland will help or retard the New York candidate's canvass. It was expected to hurt in the South, but Georgia's delegates were in-

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structed for Parker two days later. It was expected to hurt in Michigan, but the refusal of that Convention to instruct was a Parker victory. Generally, the situation as to candidates has not changed. Mr. William F. Sheehan, Judge Parker's manager, predicts a majority for Parker on the first ballot, but the needful organization of the Convention by Judge Parker's friends is not yet visible. Parker, with the field against him, has yet to fight for instructed delegates in Arkansas, Texas, Minnesota, North Carolina, Mississippi, North Dakota, and Indian Territory, and Virginia's Convention is being held this week. Illinois will instruct for either Representative James R. Williams, a "favorite son," or Mr. Hearst. Missouri is conceded to Senator Cockrell, another "favorite son." Judge Parker, to be nominated, must apparently get the votes of all the "favorite sons"—Olney in Massachusetts, Gorman in Maryland, Gray in Delaware, Wall in Wisconsin, Cockrell in Missouri, and Williams in Illinois, or a large majority of the uninstructed delegates.

❀

Republican Conventions

The nomination of Charles S. Deneen for Governor of Illinois by the Republican State Convention is taken to mean that the column of Republican States has been strengthened and that the Democrats must go farther afield looking for a majority in the Electoral College. Illinois, as one of the States constituting the chosen battle-ground for the Presidency this year, was expected to offer opportunities for Democratic attack because of the bitter Republican factional quarrel over the Governorship between Mr. Deneen, Frank O. Lowden, Governor Richard Y. Yates, Attorney-General Hamlin, and three or four others. It had involved all the prominent men of the party in the State, and threatened a duplication of the Wisconsin division which has put two Republican candidates in the field. Mr. Deneen, who has made a good reputation as State's Attorney for Cook County, was opposed by the State government, which favored Mr. Yates, the Federal officials, who supported Lowden, and the Senators and Representatives, who sided with the Cook County machine of William Lorimer, also for Lowden. Mr. Deneen won two notable victories. He fought the Yates rural machine into surrender, and then, when all the other candidates except Lowden withdrew in his favor, he destroyed the Cook County machine on the floor of the Convention. No one in Illinois seriously doubts Deneen's ability to carry the State, and that he will help the National ticket is unquestioned. Yates's nomination, on the other hand, would have created a dangerous condition, and there might have been embarrassment for the Republican managers with Mr. Lowden, who is the son-in-law of George M. Pullman, as the candidate in the event of Trusts becoming the "paramount issue." Naturally, the Democrats will now turn from Illinois to Indiana with greater energy, and will also invade Wisconsin in the hope of taking advantage of the really serious party complications there. A delegation of Governor La Follette's friends have called on the President to acquaint him with their side of the contention. They did not ask him to interfere in their behalf; but their visit was obviously for the purpose of preventing his favor from going to the bolters when the question of putting the Wisconsin contesting delegates on the temporary roll of the Chicago Convention comes before the National Committee. In sympathy with the bolters are Postmaster-General Payne, acting Chairman of the Committee; Senators Spooner and Quarles; Representative Babcock, Chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee; and Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Taylor. The National Committee meets in Chicago to hear contests Wednesday, June 15. The Wisconsin contest will be watched with great interest, as the thirteen electoral votes of that State may depend on the way the case is handled.

❀

The Cotton Crop

Never before, perhaps, has the weather map for the Southern States been scanned so closely by the varied interests affected by the price of cotton as it is to-day. If the growing season, extending from

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May 1 until the latter part of October, should be a repetition of those for the last four years, it is hard to see how the great cotton industry, already in a state of demoralization, can escape having to face the greatest famine in its experience. It is feared, moreover, that unless there is a marked improvement in agricultural conditions, advantage will be taken of the present abnormal situation to force another speculative movement with factitiously high prices as the end in view. For the last four years the cotton crop has been relatively small—so small, in fact, that if it had not been for the surplus carried over from previous years there would not have been enough of the staple on hand to meet the normal demand. The result is that not only is there a great scarcity of raw material, but shelves have been practically cleaned of their reserve stock of manufactured goods. The spinning industries of this country, England, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, and Spain have reason to view the situation with anxiety, as it depends upon the United States to furnish about 11,000,000 of the 14,000,000 bales of cotton the world consumes annually under normal conditions. One of the discouraging elements in the situation was the unusually late spring. In the bottom lands of Texas and Louisiana, where cotton is sown as early as March, either the plants have been nipped by frost or the seed has failed to germinate, and the planting will have to be done over again. A scarcity of labor is also feared, and this is due to a curious cause: The two great crops of 1897 and 1898, the largest in the history of the South, were grown under peculiar conditions. Men, women, and children toiled in the fields from early until late, because starvation was the alternative. In those years business in the South was greatly depressed, and unless the laborer was employed in the cotton-fields it was almost impossible for him or her to get credit at the stores. The consequence was a huge crop and such low prices as to lead many to believe that there was more money in manufacturing cotton than in growing it. Mills thereupon sprang up everywhere, so that, whereas there were 3,000,000 spindles in the South in 1897, there are now 8,000,000. Thousands of laborers deserted the fields for the mills, and for this reason the pessimistic predict that, even if the weather and the boll weevil permit of a large cotton crop this year, the South may not have the labor to take care of the increase.

❀

The Boll Weevil

Most serious of all is the problem of the boll weevil. It is estimated that damage to the extent of nearly $50,000,000 was wrought by this insect last year, and it is reported to have spread to one hundred counties in Texas. The chief entomologist of the Department of Agriculture now is quoted as saying that the boll weevil cannot be exterminated, that "it will be only a matter of time until every cotton State in the South is infested." His only hope, apparently, is that the ravages of the pest will be checked and hindered by the scientists who are working on the problem. Despite this dark outlook, however, there are many who are able to take a hopeful view of the situation. And these persons derive some comfort from the efforts now being made to escape the blight of the boll weevil by introducing into Texas early maturing seed from the Carolinas and Georgia. The season being shorter in the latter States, cotton matures quicker, and the theory is that if seed from these States is planted in Texas, a good crop can be harvested in June and July, whereas with native seed the plants would not mature until August and October. A decidedly encouraging factor in the situation is that, owing to last year's high prices, and the apparent assurance that, no matter how large the production is this year, a good price will prevail, a large increase in acreage is indicated. It is true that an increased acreage does not necessarily mean an increased production, but as the Department of Agriculture has recently been very active in instructing growers as regards better methods, and a large sale of improved implements is reported, those who are counting on a great increase in indicated acreage to relieve the famine are not without reasons for their faith.

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The Bandits of Morocco

An American citizen, Mr. Ion Perdicaris, and a British citizen, Mr. Varley (a stepson of Mr. Perdicaris), have been seized and are held for ransom by a band of Moroccan bandits under the leadership of Raisuli, a fierce tribal chief, whose object is not merely plunder ($70,000 is named as the ransom), but the extortion from the Sultan of Morocco of special personal and political grants, such as the right to levy taxes and to carry on what would almost amount to an independent rule. Mr. Perdicaris is well known in this country; he is a man of versatile talent and wide knowledge, and in his beautiful home near Tangier has often entertained American travelers—an interesting story of such a visit is told by the Spectator on another page of this number of The Outlook. As in the case of Miss Stone, the personal danger of the victims of this barbaric outrage awakens wide sympathy, and one inevitably hopes eagerly that no technicality of procedure or international code of procedure must stand in the way of securing their release. Our Government has assembled quickly in Moroccan waters a rather formidable fleet of war vessels, not as a threat to the Sultan, but as a perfectly proper way of impressing him with the fact that American rights are to be vigorously safeguarded. Great Britain has thought best not to make a naval display, but is employing every diplomatic means to the same end. The international situation as regards Morocco is a delicate and unusual one. French influence there has become more and more predominant during the recent warfare between the Sultan and insurgent factions. It is believed that Great Britain and Spain are both willing to recognize France's special influence and power in Morocco, and that there is an understanding between the three Powers and a distinct Anglo-French compact as to mutual safeguards and the limitations of France's power—for instance, that no fortifications should be allowed to threaten the Strait of Gibraltar. It has been thought that any day might see the open avowal of such a guardianship over Morocco by France as Great Britain exercises over Egypt. The necessity of dealing with Raisuli might well furnish an occasion. In view of this international situation, it is not strange that both Great Britain and the United States should ask the aid of France in securing the release of these kidnapped men and in punishing the brigands. Unofficially it is stated that both countries have taken this course and that France will intervene in every proper way to stir the Sultan to action. Probably the Sultan has already got word to Raisuli that any harm done to his prisoners will be terribly avenged, and knows that if the Moroccan Government fails to do its duty to the utmost it will be called to account without delay or faltering by three great nations.

❀

The Siege of Port Arthur

The fuller reports of the storming of the Nanshan hills by the Japanese make it evident that this assault was one of the most brilliant military feats of modern history, comparable to Pickett's famous charge at Gettysburg, but with the difference that in the Nanshan charge the heights were actually carried. The entire landing operation and advance of the Japanese were carried out with a precision, foresight, and science that have called out the plaudits of experts and strategists the world over. The seizure of Kinchow under the cover of the fire of war-ships was followed by tentative advances by which the position and force of the enemy were discerned; the Japanese officers, it is said, coolly gathered and scrutinized the fragments of the enemy's shells, and calculated the caliber and make of the guns. Finally, when it was evident that the position could be taken only by direct assault, division after division of the brave infantry charged up the hill, supported by the field artillery—the Japanese are using field guns of their own invention, design, and manufacture, and the battles of the Yalu and Nanshan have proved their effectiveness. The Russians, as at the Yalu, assert that their resistance was not intended to be desperate at this point, but the fact that they blew up or abandoned some seventy cannon, and

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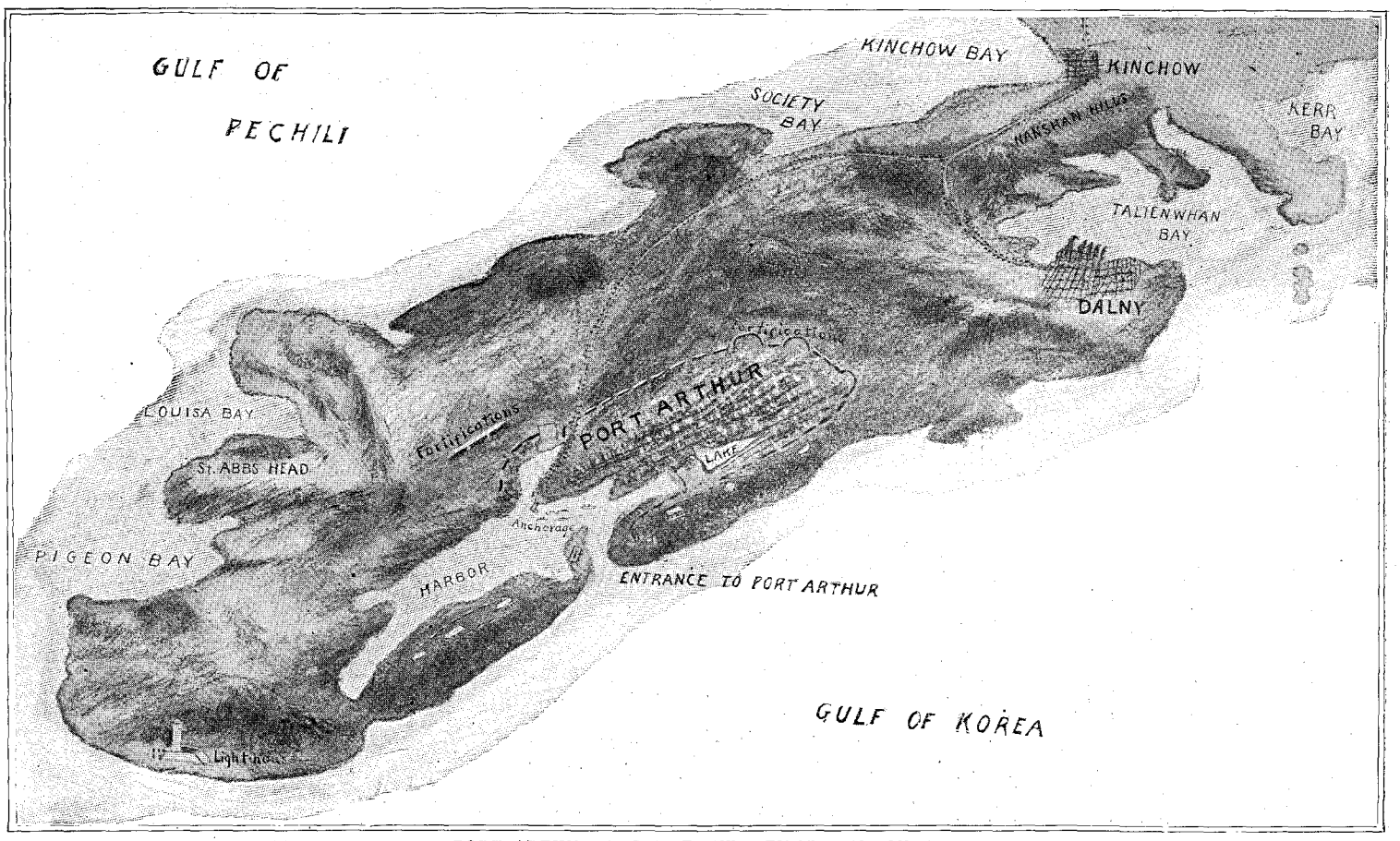

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that the Japanese forces the same day pushed on beyond the hills, disproves this disclaimer. A Russian estimate of the Russian loss on this day of slaughter (May 26) is about 800; a Japanese estimate of the Japanese loss is 4,200; in both cases perhaps a fifth were killed, and it may very well be in either case that the loss was greater than stated. The Japanese leader, General Oku, deliberately determined that the position must be carried at every cost, and threw line after line into the attack; whole companies were seen to fall in their tracks, and still others pressed on. One account says of the earlier assault:

> An avalanche of concentrated fire from the infantry in the trenches, the machine-guns in the Russian works, and the quick-firing field artillery supporting the defenses struck the Japanese full, and they melted away from the glacis like solder before a blow-flame. A few who seemed to have charmed lives struggled on till they reached the wire entanglements. It was in vain, if heroic. The effort was wasted. Within fifteen minutes these two battalions ceased to exist, except as a trail of mutilated bodies at the foot of the Russian glacis.

A glance at the accompanying bird's-eye view of the Regent's Sword Peninsula (Kwantung) will show the importance of the Japanese victory, dearly bought as it was. South of the Nanshan hills the country to Port Arthur is largely level and open. It is doubtful if the Russians hold any really strong defensive position in this intervening space. Probably the Japanese have been very busy the last week bringing up siege-guns by ship to Dalny, which is now occupied by Japanese forces and was not, it turns out, so injured by the Russian attempts at destruction as to be inaccessible to warships. Certainly the Japanese will plant as heavy guns as can be brought forward by ship and the repaired railroad, put them as near the Port Arthur land-side fortifications as is practical, and military experts predict a heavy artillery assault followed in the end by a desperate series of charges to which those at the Nanshan hills were but a prelude. Meanwhile the forces of General Kuroki and General Kuropatkin still face one another from Liaoyang south and from Haicheng east, and seem to be feeling each other's strength and, as pugilists say, to be sparring for an opening. There have been collisions of small forces both near Liaoyang and in northeastern Korea, where there are still troops of marauding Cossacks, but there were no engagements of real importance last week.

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The French Ministry and the Pope

The Ministry of M. Combes passed with notable success between the Scylla of Conservative censure and the Charybdis of Radical dissatisfaction, in the debate in the Chamber of Deputies on the action of the Government in recalling M. Nisard, the French Ambassador to the Vatican. Interest in the occasion was evidenced by the throng of visitors in the galleries and of Ambassadors in the diplomatic tribune; and the two Ministers, MM. Combes and Delcasse, who represented the Government, handled the opportunity and used the occasion, not only with courage, but with great skill. They were subjected to a cross-fire from the two opposing wings of the Chamber, and they succeeded in securing overwhelming majorities on both the motions which the Government supported. The withdrawal of M. Nisard was approved by the immense majority of 332, ex-Premier Ribot, the leader of the Opposition, voting with the Ministry, as did representatives of almost every section and group in the Chamber of Deputies. On the other hand, a motion offered by a Socialistic deputy, that all relations with the Vatican should be broken off, was defeated by a majority of 239 votes, and another motion, offered by a Nationalist, that the Government should at once take up with Pope Pius X. the matter of the separation of the Church from the State, secured only 18 votes. The middle course between the two extremes which the Ministry has marked out for itself has behind it the most substantial opinion in France, if this unusual vote, coming from the sober-minded men of all groups, may be taken as an indication. The Chamber believes that the Ministry was right in the action which it took, and it sustains the Ministry in its determination not to go to extremes at the present moment.

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The Concordat It is reported that the action of the Chamber was watched at the Vatican with the utmost interest, and that its action is now interpreted as favorable to the continuance of friendly relations. This opinion, however, does not seem well founded when the declarations of the Premier are taken into account. He has refused, it is true, to take up the question of the fundamental relations of the French Government to the Roman Catholic Church at the moment; but he has definitely announced that the question will be brought up before the Chamber early in January, and that a law has already been formulated by the Committee on the Separation of Church and State. This law is of a radical character. It declares that "the Republic assures freedom of conscience and it guarantees the free exercise of religion without restriction except for the preservation of public order. The Republic will neither protect nor pay salaries nor subventions under any form whatever to any denomination. It will not recognize any minister of religion, and will not furnish any building for the service of any denomination or for the lodging of any of its ministers." It proposes to abolish the Concordat, to suppress the French embassy at the Vatican, and makes provision for the disposal of the Government's extensive possessions of church property. Not only will this question be dealt with by the present Parliament instead of waiting until after another general election has given France the opportunity of speaking her mind on the subject, but M. Combes declared in his speech that France rejected the pretensions of the Papacy "to the superannuated fiction of temporal power which disappeared thirty-four years ago," and that France "would not allow the Papacy to intermeddle in her international relations." Unless, therefore, there is some change in the relations between the Vatican and France during the interval between now and January, or some change in the French Government, the crisis in the affairs of the Roman Catholic Church in France is at hand. It has been approaching for many months past, but it would undoubtedly have been longer delayed but for the diplomatic blunder which played directly into the hand of the French Ministry. That in the long run the separation of Church and State in France will inure to the benefit of both parties The Outlook firmly believes. It will be the logical outcome of the republican character of the French Government. It will throw the Church upon her own resources, give her greater independence, and will very likely mean a new chapter, not only in her own history, but in the religious history of the country.

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The Australian Labor Ministry The incoming of a Labor Administration at Sydney has served to awaken new interest in the Australian Federation in England, and just now Australia is receiving more newspaper attention than any other of the colonies. It has not come as a surprise that labor should be in control in the Federal Parliament, as a tendency in that direction has been obvious since 1901, when the first Federal Parliament was convened. Interest now centers in the personnel of the new Government and in its legislative programme. The new Prime Minister, Mr. J. C. Watson, is a compositor. Besides being the only British Premier drawn immediately from the artisan class, he is also the youngest of the Colonial Prime Ministers. He worked at the case in New Zealand and in New South Wales, and first went into the legislature of this colony in 1891. He has not John Burns's ability as a platform speaker, nor Burns's dexterity in debate or mastery of House of Commons laws and usages. But he has many of Burns's best characteristics, and from the time he left the South Wales Legislature for the Federal Parliament he has stood out as the leader of the labor group. He has assigned to himself the Treasury portfolio, an office which may be said to have gravitated to him by reason of his opposition to the loan proposals of the late Government and by the ability with which he has demonstrated that the Commonwealth, judiciously managed, is well able to pay its way. The Minister for External Affairs, Mr. W. M. Hughes, like John Burns and Mr. William

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Crooks, M.P., came into prominence at a dock strike. He was a "lumper" on the wharfs at Sydney when the great strike occurred there in 1892. He organized the dock laborers, and on the strength of this success was elected to the New South Wales Legislature. The salary gave him an opportunity of reading law, and for some years past Mr. Hughes has stood well among the barristers of Sydney. His new office has for its chief function immigration, which, since labor acquired strength in politics, has been one of the most complicated of Australian problems. The Attorney-General is an Irish barrister, Mr. H. B. Higgins, the most prominent man at the equity bar of Victoria. Six of the eight ministerial portfolios are held by men of the Lower House. Not all the men who support the Watson Ministry are of the artisan and laboring classes. The member for South Melbourne is a Presbyterian minister; while the member for the city of Melbourne, who defeated the Lord Mayor in a poll of 14,000, is a doctor. The Labor party in Federal politics is distinctly a party of economy, and it is as the advocate of drastic economy that the new Premier has established his claims upon his supporters in the House of Commons and in the constituencies.

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The Labor Party's Policy

Premier Watson's announcement of the policy of the Labor party has been made in the Commonwealth House of Representatives at Melbourne, and is noteworthy in part as a pledge to introduce into the Federal affairs of Australia socialistic legislation similar to that of New Zealand. This was to be expected from the record of the Labor party in the different colonies before Federation, and from the general favor with which governmental interference in the relations between employer and employee has been received. The new programme includes a conciliation and arbitration bill, a bill providing old-age pensions, and a bill for State control of the tobacco trade. It is proposed also to compel banks to hold forty per cent. of their reserve in Government notes. Full particulars of these measures are not yet received, but they are not revolutionary when compared with what has already been done in that country. For example, the conciliation and arbitration bill is merely an extension of the bill introduced by Premier Watson's predecessor, Mr. Deakin, Mr. Watson only widening the scope of the act so as to include railway servants. The new Premier has thus taken up the challenge on which Mr. Deakin was recently defeated, namely, the contention that railway servants cannot be included in such a measure, as railways are under the control of the State, and interference with their employees would infringe upon State rights. Premier Watson, though not assured of a sufficient majority in either House or Senate to carry through his programme with certainty, holds the balance of power between free-traders and protectionists, and commands a majority of the latter. The appearance of a labor government in Federal affairs is notable, also, as an indication that ministries in the commonwealth may be as numerous and short-lived as they were in the colonies, the traditional alignment of two parties having been broken, and the opportunities for political deals and combinations having been greatly increased.

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A Great Tunnel

During the life of the present generation the Alps have been pierced four times by tunnels, the latest of these being the greatest of them, the tunnel under the Simplon Pass. Work on this great enterprise began in 1898, and a French geographical journal, quoted by the New York "Sun," announces that on the 4th day of May the Swiss and Italian workmen, who have been approaching one another from the opposite ends of the tunnel, knocked down the slight barrier of rock which still separated them. The Jura-Simplon Company agreed to have the tunnel ready for use in five and a half years. They have spared neither time, money, nor skill in the endeavor to fulfill their contract; but the difficulties they have met have been enormous; and the Swiss Government, rightly taking these difficulties into account, has extended the time for the completion of

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the tunnel to April 30, 1905, and has given the company a supplementary credit, increasing the payment for the tunnel from $14,000,000 to $15,600,000. The first of these great Alpine tunnels in point of time was the Mont Cenis tunnel in France, which is nearly eight miles long, and was fourteen years in construction, being finished thirty-four years ago. Next came the St. Gothard, nine and a quarter miles long, which was nine and a half years in construction, and was completed twenty-four years ago; then came the Arlberg, six and a half miles long, three and a half years in building, and completed twenty-one years ago. The Simplon is twelve and a half miles long, its greatest altitude above the level of the sea being 2,314 feet, while the altitude of Mont Cenis is 4,248 feet. The work has been done, as all work of the kind is done on the Continent, with artistic completeness. The station at Brieg was finished some time ago, and is an admirable structure. The valley which approaches the tunnel from the Italian side was one of the most beautiful in northern Italy, but has been hopelessly scarred by excavations, cuts through the rock, and the litter and disfigurement attendant upon railroad building, to say nothing of a great village of Italian workingmen which has grown up near the entrance to the tunnel. This entrance is approached by a series of smaller tunnels which extend all the way from Lake Maggiore. The greatest obstacles which the enterprise has been compelled to meet have been water and heat. During the first three months of 1902 the work on the Italian end advanced only fifty feet, so many were the springs that were met and so great was the volume of water which had to be cared for. The heat has been in many places prostrating, the temperature ranging from 95 to 107 degrees. It was necessary to shorten the hours of work and to provide buildings with facilities for hot and cold baths, so that when the miners came out of the tunnel they should not be at once exposed to the keen Alpine air. The completion of this tunnel will give direct communication between Milan and Paris and London and points all the way to Brindisi. The Mont Cenis furnishes the shortest and quickest route from France and northwestern Europe to Genoa, the chief route between central Europe and Italy is that through the St. Gothard, and travel from Paris and Genoa to Austria passes largely through the Arlberg. With the completion of the Simplon tunnel the Alps have been practically annihilated for purposes of travel and traffic.

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The Methodist Quadrennial Conference

Much of the discussion during the Quadrennial Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which recently adjourned, resulted in no positive action. The suggestion, for instance, of districting the bishops, and a plan to revert to the former custom regarding itineracy, both called forth a great deal of speech-making, but in both cases it was decided that no change should be made. In two respects, however, the Conference made the record of important constructive procedure. By its action the Methodist Episcopal Church has consolidated its various benevolent societies into three organizations. The Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church is to have charge of all the mission work of the Church in foreign lands, which will include dependent possessions of the United States, under certain circumstances; the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension will have charge of Home Missions, which will include missionary work in countries under the jurisdiction of the United States only, as such work may be assigned to it by the General Conference, and the work heretofore under the Board of Church Extension; the Board of Education will have charge, in addition to the work heretofore under its care, of the activities until now directed by the Freedman's Aid and Southern Education Society, the Sunday-School Union, and the Tract Society. The Church has also undertaken to consolidate its book concerns, and for that purpose the Conference has appointed a commission which is to make thorough investigation. The Conference also marked some progress

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toward interdenominational fellowship, if not union. The most specific movement in this direction was its adoption of a report which provided not only a common hymnal, catechism, and order of worship for the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, but also approved the action of the joint commission of the two Churches making duplication of work by the two Churches in the same place impossible without careful consideration. After the election of bishops, Bishop-elect James R. Day offered his resignation on the ground that he felt "deeply moved to continue the work of Christian education." His resignation was accepted and his place left unfilled. Four missionary bishops were chosen. The list of bishops elected, as complete and with the correction of some errors which unfortunately crept into the partial list heretofore given in The Outlook, is as follows: The Rev. J. F. Berry, the Rev. Henry Spellmeyer, the Rev. William F. McDowell, formerly Secretary of the Educational Board; the Rev. James W. Bashford, the Rev. William Burt, the Rev. L. B. Wilson, the Rev. T. B. Neely, the Rev. Isaiah B. Scott, additional Missionary Bishop for Africa—the only one of the negro race to be chosen; the Rev. John E. Robinson and the Rev. William F. Oldham, Missionary Bishops for South Asia; and the Rev. Merriman C. Harris, Missionary Bishop for Korea and Japan. As President Roosevelt said in his greetings to the Conference, "It is impossible for any student of the social and religious growth of our people to fail to understand the tremendous influence of Methodism in shaping this growth aright." That this historic force, so far from being spent, is adapting itself to new conditions as they arise, is evident from this great Conference just ended.

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A Hindu Boycott

A striking example has recently been given of the tenacious grip of caste upon the Hindu mind. As reported in the "Christian World" (London), a high-caste Hindu gentleman and his wife residing in Bombay recently visited England, taking extraordinary precautions to "keep caste" meanwhile. Taking their own cook with them, they had their meals always in a private room by themselves, and, while both receiving and dispensing hospitality, they never took food with other people. The gentleman attended one of the King's levees, and his wife was presented at Court. In due time they returned, quite confident of the success of their experiment, to Bombay, where they had held a high social position, to meet a boycott by the Hindu community, and even the estrangement of their own relatives. It seems that a visit to England is *per se* incompatible with the maintenance of caste.

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The Women's Clubs' Biennial

The seventh biennial meeting of the Women's Clubs of the United States, recently held in St. Louis, was, from all accounts, more harmonious and enthusiastic than any previous gathering of the kind. The first biennial was held in Chicago twelve years ago and lasted two days; the second was held in Louisville in 1896 and lasted four days; the fourth, which was held in Denver six years ago, lasted a week; and the sixth, which met at Los Angeles, was also in session for a week. The St. Louis Conference sat two days longer and still left a large amount of unfinished business. The rest of the time was devoted to a long programme of subjects which were discussed by many women of prominence in different fields. One of the most significant facts about the Convention was the deep and apparently universal interest in education. There were three sessions devoted to various aspects of this subject; and among the speakers were Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, Miss Elizabeth Harrison, of the Kindergarten College of the same city, and President Thomas, of Bryn Mawr. Not only were these meetings well attended, but it was apparent throughout all the meetings that the educational idea held the first place, and that the educational process had been generally accepted as the only rational and permanent method of reform. The idea was very clearly expressed at the Convention that it is idle to hope for legislation looking to moral ends unless it is based

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on education. The question of the matter of civil service reform took a much more prominent place in the interest and thought of the biennial than it secured in any previous meeting. The same thing may be said of industrial questions, especially those relating to the social and industrial conditions of women and children; and it was felt that the address of Dr. Darlington, pressing home upon women their duty in building up sanitary communities, was one of the most practical matters brought before the Convention. The work of women in out-of-door art, in gardening, and in library extension received ample consideration, and there were many evidences of the greater solidity and practical character of the work which is now being done by club women throughout the United States. A resolution declaring against any women's club affiliated with any sect the doctrines of which are "inimical to the Constitution of the United States or opposed to the principles of American womanhood" was adopted, and a club of Mormon women in Salt Lake City has withdrawn from the Federation in consequence.

Better than Independence

Character, not numbers, gives weight to a petition; the character of the men who have signed the petition about the Philippines to the two great political conventions so soon to assemble entitles it to a respectful and serious consideration. We are glad to accede to the request of this Committee and put The Outlook at their service in giving this paper to the people of America. It petitions both the political conventions to put in their respective platforms a plank pledging to the Filipinos national independence at some future day not now to be designated. But there are two assumptions in this document, both of which we think are erroneous, which forbid The Outlook to give to this petition its indorsement. One of these assumptions is that political independence is necessarily desirable; the other, that the Filipinos desire it now and will desire it when the undesignated day for granting it arrives.

The whole trend of history, and especially of modern history, indicates, if it does not demonstrate, that interdependence of political communities is better than independence. Time was when the present counties of England were independent kingdoms; their peace and prosperity began when they exchanged their independence for political interdependence in one nationality. For centuries Scotland fought for independence; her peace and prosperity dates from the time when she surrendered her independence for a relation of mutually respecting political interdependence with her southern neighbor. There can be little question, in the mind of any man who measures policies by results, that the political dependence of India, Australia, and Canada in the British Empire is of incalculable benefit to each of these component parts of the British Empire. Not a State in the United States is independent; their relation is one of mutual interdependence in a union of dependent States; and the liberty and prosperity of their citizens is the product of this surrender of independence and this substitution therefor of political interdependence. The development of international law, the creation of international treaties, the formation of the Hague Tribunal, and the vision in a few prophetic minds of an international Parliament possessing at least advisory powers, are all parts of a world movement toward the substitution of political interdependence for political independence.

Substantially, all the arguments for the political independence of the Philippines, expressed or implied in this petition, are repetitions in a slightly different form of the old-time arguments against the incorporation first of Louisiana, afterwards of Oregon, in the United States.

The course of events has answered those arguments; in time the course of events will answer in a similar manner the arguments of these petitioners. We do not indorse this petition because we believe that before the time for acting upon it can arrive it will be clear alike to Americans and Filipinos that relations

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of interdependence between the United States and the Philippines can be adjusted on terms not disadvantageous to the United States, and immeasurably more advantageous to the Filipinos than political independence. Such interdependence will secure to them a larger commercial prosperity, a more stable justice, a more assured personal liberty, and a better development, both individual and social, than could be hoped for under political independence.

The other error underlying this petition is the assumption that the Filipinos desire independence now and will continue to desire it when the undesignated day arrives. No one can tell what the Filipinos desire now; they cannot tell themselves. The will of a community is something more than the individual wills of all its members. A community cannot have a political will unless it possesses some measure of political unity, and it cannot possess political unity except certain prerequisite conditions exist. First and fundamental among these conditions is a common language, so that the various individuals in the community may interchange their opinions and carry on that peaceful debate which is an absolute necessity to the formation of a common judgment. Public debate is to the community what deliberation is to the individual. And public debate is impossible in the Philippines because there is no common language in which such debate can be carried on. Only a very small percentage of the population can understand Spanish. The Philippine dialects differ so radically that the people of one province cannot understand the speech of the adjoining province. Under such circumstances a public opinion neither does nor can exist. The signers of the petition cannot tell what is the mind of the Philippine community, because there is in reality no community to have a common mind.

Still less is it possible now to foresee what that mind will be when a common language, a mutual understanding, and a public discussion have created a public judgment and formed a public will. For ourselves we do not doubt that when that time comes, on the one hand, the Filipino people will be eager to maintain their relation to the American people and share the benefits which American sovereignty has conferred on every people who have come under the protection of our flag, and, on the other hand, that if this should not be the case and the Filipinos desire to set up for themselves in an independent republic, there will not be even a considerable minority of the American people who will wish to deny them the liberty of making the attempt. All wisdom will not die with the present generation; and we may safely leave the future to take thought for the things of itself.

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The Birth of Love

In far-off space in a far-off age a god, so the legend runs, was perfecting the work of making a piece of earth for men to live on. For uncounted centuries he had dreamed of the hour when the divine power that was in him should flow out and fashion something as beautiful as his thoughts; upon which he could rest his eyes, which saw only the emptiness of space; a great reality which should issue from him and yet be no longer a part of him; something he could brood over and build upon; which should give him the joy of contrast and opposition, the interest of responsibility, the delight of ownership. For this god had lived for innumerable ages in solitude, in the pure ether, disturbed by no sound, approached by no swift or halting feet, companioned by no fellow, challenged by no foe. Remote, isolated, encompassed by unspeakable sublimity and loneliness, in the heart of an uncreated universe, he had meditated and dreamed through æons of which no record remained; for there was none beside himself to keep count of eternity; and for him, because there was no action, there was no memory.

No sun made his day glorious and no splendor of stars lay across the heavens at night like the trail of a vanished day; no earth swept through space amid other worlds in rhythmic harmony of motion; no voices of men rose in appeal and no voices of women in praise and prayer; and the silence was unbroken by any

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cry of children from bound to bound. Through all the vast range and stretch of space the stillness of an unborn universe reigned, and the solitude was as vast and awful as the unsown fields of space which it encompassed. The god was silent and motionless in the heart of the stillness; for he was in a dream full of divine visions of the things that were to be. As yet he knew not himself, nor had any true sense of his power come to him. All things were within his reach, but he had never put forth his hand to take, to build, or to destroy. He had meditated and dreamed, but he had never acted, and the joy and power and fertility of divinity were not his; for he had yet to live.

And as he meditated and dreamed, the solitude became more appalling and the loneliness more unbearable, until he could no longer bear the burden of thought without action; the pain of repression, of power unused, of a nature undeveloped, of thought without speech, was too great for his spirit, and through his divine nature there ran the tremors, the forebodings, the premonitions of coming birth; for the god was emerging from the shadows of dreams and stood on the verge of life, and all its tremendous possibilities were stirring him. And he said to himself, "I will ease the pain of thought by action. I will create a world." And in a far-off stretch of space he created a world, and made it vast and majestic as a temple; but there were no worshipers at the shrine, and still the loneliness was unbroken. Then he took the matter of which the world was made, and sowed it deep with the seeds of beauty, so that out of its hidden recesses exquisite shapes arose, and the air was sweet with the glances and the breath of flowers; and the god gave a great sigh of content.

But still silence reigned, and the loneliness of the new earth smote the god and made him aware afresh of his solitude; for there was no one to understand his work, to use it or to be grateful for it. Then, in feverish haste, the god made men, saying to himself: "They surely will comprehend and companion me." And over the face of the earth men appeared and built their homes and plied their trades and multiplied; and some worshiped and some cursed, but none understood; and the loneliness of the god was deeper than before and the burden of it was greater than he could bear. He had put forth his power and created, and the earth gave him back his thought in a beautiful and convincing reality; and he had made man, and man saw something of the wonder in which he lived and built shrines to the invisible maker of it; but no one shared the thoughts and burdens of the god, nor did any voice speak his language. The power in him had gone forth and realized itself in creative activity, but the heart in him remained silent and was hid in mystery, so that he understood not himself nor divined where his divinity lay.

Then, on a radiant morning—so the legend runs—a goddess saw the world, that it was fair and sweet in the light; and, being as yet unvexed with emotion and untroubled with the deep things of the divine life, she passed through space, and set her foot on the edges of the earth, and ran swiftly through a great wood, and came upon a wide meadow in which flowers gleamed as the stars in heaven, and the air was full of the breath of budding things and of the desire for life stirring in the roots of the earth. And through the veins of the goddess there ran a tremor as if some divine event were at hand, and her heart was swept like a sea that is lifted in surges, and the soul in her seemed to struggle for space and light and air; for her whole nature was swept by a force greater than she toward blossoming and fruitfulness.

And when she lifted her eyes in that mysterious and wonderful moment of her birth into conscious divinity, the eyes of the god were looking into hers; and they both saw and understood and were as one in the rapture and revelation of the spring morning in the fertile earth. For the heart of the god went out of him into the keeping of the goddess, and his sleeping spirit awoke in the morning light of love, and he lived at last after all those centuries of loneliness. For not even the gods live until

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they put forth their power, and the divine in gods and men is realized only when the heart pours forth its sweetness, surrenders itself in order to find itself; and the spirit comes to self-knowledge and the fullness of life only when it meets its fellow and the two are made one in that lavish giving of self which is self-realization, and in that fellowship and comprehension which are perfect self-expression. For life fulfills itself in love, and in loving becomes divine and immortal.

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Letters to a Minister

The Christian Prophet—II.

It is not enough that you know men, and desire to help them; you must know where the remedies are that will help them. And there is no literature in which you will find such a portrayal of the remedies for the sins and ills of mankind as in the Bible, which portrays all the varied experiences of mankind and all the various methods of dealing with mankind. Let me give a single concrete illustration of the use of the Bible as a book of remedies.

You are going to preach after an election in which the best people are discouraged, because apparently the moral forces were substantially on one side, and the other side has won a victory over them. And many men are saying, What is the use? it does not do any good to fight, it is better to let things go. The evil of such a defeat is that men have the nerve of their moral enterprise cut by it, and their courage weakened. Now what are you to do? Preach a political sermon? No. The people are tired of political addresses. Recognize the fact that the whole human race is in a battle with the powers of evil. Look in the Bible for a message to discouraged soldiers in such a battle. Take, for example, this: "Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and, having done all, to stand." Your object: to inspire again the heart of courage in a discouraged people. Your text: "Having done all, withstand in the evil day." Your theme: "Be true men, because you are the sons of God; and hopeful, because one with God is a majority." An object, an understanding of men, and a theme found in the Bible that meets the need—these are the first three elements of a successful sermon. And if you have these three elements the next will follow as a matter of course—earnestness.

Avoid pretty sermons. If you really feel the needs of people before you, and that you have something that will help them, you will be in earnest to give your aid. If you are in a railroad accident, and the blood is flowing from an artery of a wounded man, and you know how to bind up the artery, you will be quick to do it. If you care for your fellowmen, and think you have something for them, you will not read your message as you would read an essay. You may write and read, you may speak without reading it—that is immaterial—but as you look on the faces of the congregation and see their despair, discouragement, sorrow, nervelessness, and know that you have something that will put into the hearts of these people love, joy, peace, faith, hope, you will be in earnest to give it to them. You cannot be otherwise.

One way to make a sermon is this: You go to the Bible and you find the text, "His righteousness is like the great mountains." Then you go to the library, take your encyclopædia and read about the mountains. And then you write your sermon. "The mountains are strong; God's righteousness is strong. The mountains are high; God's righteousness is high. The mountains are pure; God's righteousness is pure. The mountains supply the valleys with water; God's righteousness supplies the people with grace." That is one way. It makes a pretty sermon, and nothing comes of it. The other way is this: Here are a people who want righteousness, who need righteousness, eternal life, life here, life hereafter; what can I find in the righteousness of God that will help them? Then take your text where you may; and if Michelet will help you to help these men to righteousness, take Michelet; but get your sermon out of the heart of humanity and

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out of the Bible, not out of ministerial helps.

If your sermon has this quality of earnestness, it will have another quality —absolute candor. Certain virtues are essential to certain professions. A man may be a dishonest man and a tolerable soldier, but he cannot be a tolerable soldier if he is a coward. Courage is the professional virtue essential to a soldier. A merchant may be a timid man, but he must be an honest man. Honesty is the professional virtue necessary to a merchant. Candor is the professional virtue of the ministry. You are to preach the truth, and it is by truth that you are to make the world free, and you cannot preach the truth unless you have in yourself the spirit of truthfulness. The bane of the pulpit is professionalism; not hypocrisy, not deliberate false pretense; but the saying of something because it is the proper thing to be said, and not because the preacher feels in his heart that it is true. Be candid; speak the truth; speak out of your own vital experience. "He that prophesieth, let him prophesy according to the proportion of his faith." What does Paul mean by that? The power of prophecy must depend on the vitality of the prophet's conviction. If you do not feel the sinfulness of sin, do not preach on it until you do feel it. If you do not realize the love of God, do not preach on it until you do realize it. If you do not realize something that is worth preaching, then do not preach at all. If you want to broaden your teaching, broaden your nature. Never be an echo. That is the objection to creed subscription. I object to the subscription, not because I object to the creed, but because I object to making myself the advocate of some one else's faith; I want to be the expounder of my own.

Candor carries with it courage: daring to speak the truth and the whole truth. Those critics are mistaken who declare that the preacher is popular who panders to popular prejudice. The American people like a brave man; a man of strong convictions; a man who dares declare them. But if you want your congregation to respect your convictions, you must respect theirs. If you are a conservative preacher, and find yourself over a radical congregation, do not leave them because it is a radical congregation, and do not try to tear down their faith and substitute your own; try to build up men in Christ Jesus, according to the truth as you see it. If you are a radical man and find yourself over a conservative congregation, do not try to find a radical congregation that you can preach to—stay where you are; but do not try to tear down their conservative faith and substitute your own—try to build men up in Christ Jesus. The world will not be saved by old theology, it will not be saved by new theology; it will be saved by the life of God in the souls of men. Suppose radical men go into radical congregations and preach radicalism, and conservative men go into conservative congregations and preach conservatism, what becomes of the unity of the Church of Christ? No! stand in the position where you are; then seek to bring the men before you to a knowledge of God's truth. It may be easier to preach to people who already think as you do, but it is not more useful. It may be agreeable to have men come to you and say, You said this morning what I always believed, but that is not the highest compliment that can be paid to a preacher.

If you have these qualities, if your sermon has an object, if you have sympathetic appreciation of your people, if you have the remedy for their need and are in earnest, your sermons will have terseness and movement. How long should a sermon be? This is like asking how big should a gate be. It depends on how large the man is how large the gate should be. It depends on how large the idea is how long the sermon should be. If what you want to say you can say in three minutes, it is too long if it takes four minutes. People do not object to long sermons, it is *lengthy* sermons they object to. A minister who had preached a "great" sermon, as he walked down the aisle said to a lady, "I am afraid my sermon was very long this morning." "No," she said, "I don't think it was long, it only seemed long." If you have an object in your sermon, if you have a sympa-

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thetic understanding of your people, if you believe that you see a remedy for their ills, and if you are thoroughly in earnest to give this remedy to them, your sermon will not seem long. You will go straight to the point; and when you have shot your arrow and done your work, you will stop. Such a sermon does not seem long.

I think there never was a time when more than now the spiritual forces needed to be energized and set at work, and never a time when the voice of God needed more to be heard; never a time when prophets were more called for, never a time when there was more real need of brave, strong, vital men with a spiritual, life-giving message, than there is to-day. L. A.

❀

The Spectator

There was a clatter of hoofs over the rough cobble-stones of the narrow street, and presently the French waiter came in bearing a card:

MR. ION PERDICARIS

Trenton, N. J.
U. S. A.

Tangier
Morocco

The Spectator was reminded of it the other day when he read of the capture of Mr. Perdicaris by brigands; and no American who has been in Tangier, and who has ever had the slightest claim upon the hospitality of Mr. Perdicaris—and probably many more who have had no claim, but who have enjoyed the hospitality just the same—can fail to put up a prayer that he may be returned to his family in safety.

❀

It was several years ago that the Spectator was dropped into the Arabian Nights at Tangier. Through dirt, donkeys, beggars, water-sellers, porters, and veiled ladies he had passed from the beach up through the narrow, winding way to the startling civilization of a modern hotel. And then came the call from Mr. Perdicaris. We had met him in America, and he was kind enough to remember us; and down to the hotel he rode as soon as he heard of our arrival, and as we came to the door we found him mounted on a splendid Arab horse, with Mrs. Perdicaris on a big white donkey at his side. We were strangers among the strangest of earth's readily accessible creatures, and he asked if he could not take us in. No, that invitation we ought not to accept, but we would gladly avail ourselves of his offer to see the sights of the city under his escort. And it ended by our really spending most of our waking hours with the Perdicaris family during the three days that we were upon the soil of Morocco.

❀

Mr. Perdicaris is an American gentleman, born in Athens during the term of his father's consul-generalship in the Greek capital. At one time he lived in Trenton, New Jersey, but he has spent nearly half of his life (and he must be about seventy years of age) in Tangier, living in a charming fashion, surrounded by his children who have grown up and married, entertaining delightfully, the acknowledged dean of the American colony.

❀

The day after our arrival in Tangier Mr. Perdicaris mounted us on Arab stallions, and we were shown the wonders of the town. Mrs. Perdicaris said that we were to come to the house at noon for some bread and butter. And so we came, and the bread and butter was served in seven courses by a French butler in evening dress, assisted by a Moor in a resplendent gold-embroidered jacket and short red trousers, his legs bare to the knee. The house was a delight. The dimensions of the drawing and music room were forty-eight by twenty-four feet, and it was full of rare rugs, hangings, porcelains, and all that wealth could furnish. After we had seen the conservatory and Mrs. Perdicaris's own particular rooms, full of Moorish curiosities, her pet monkeys were brought in for our inspection—Brazilian apes, mother and son. They sat on Mrs. Spectator's lap and ate the orange-blossoms out of her belt with great enjoyment, and when the son

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proved too greedy, the mother cuffed him into g od manners. Then two great hounds stalked into the room, gentle and affectionate. One of them had been owned by a monk who had been shot down by an assassin, and when the man's body was found three days after, the dog was guarding it. As we sat there in the drawing-room the Moors outside in the market-place were having their "powder-play," and when the hound heard the report of the guns he whined and barked. He had always done so since his master's death three years before.

❀

The ceiling of the drawing-room was twenty-six feet high, and at one end it ran up twelve feet higher to accommodate a great picture which Mr. Perdicaris had painted. This was familiar, and we remembered the night when the picture was first revealed to a New York audience. Mr. Perdicaris was not only a painter but a writer, and some years before he had written a play for his stepdaughter, who wanted to go on the stage. He brought her to America, hired the Fifth Avenue Theater and a supporting company, and produced a drama, in which the picture, as big as a drop-curtain, bore an important part. The play was not a success. It ran from Monday until Thursday night, and the experiment is said to have been a costly one for the painter-dramatist. So the picture went back to Tangier, and took its place in the great drawing-room.

❀

We were in Mr. Perdicaris's town house, situated just outside the city gate. After luncheon we were given fresh mounts, and set out for a ride to the villa where the family were living when the brigands came in upon them a few evenings ago and bore off Mr. Perdicaris and his stepson to their mountain retreat. We rode through the city, crowded that day with Moors who had come in from all the country round for an annual religious feast, and we soon found ourselves in a dense throng of men, women, little children, donkeys, horses, and cam ls. And the "powder-play" was at its liveliest. Mr. Perdicaris remarked reassuringly to Mrs. Spectator, "Your horse jumps a little at the guns, but he doesn't mean anything." Once free of the city and climbing the mountain, we came to an occasional level where the horses would break into a wild run, and so on, with snatches of a glorious sea view, over the mountain's crest and down a little on the further slope to the site of the villa. It was closed then, but we walked around and admired the house and the view, and enjoyed the breeze which blew in from the ocean and the strait. On the way back Mr. Perdicaris urged us to let our Moorish steeds show their breeding by going at a full gallop down the gullied and rock-lined steeps. Their breeding was all right—it was ours only that was at fault—and Mrs. Spectator was glad to lie down for an ante-prandial siesta when we reached our host's home.

❀

After dinner other members of Mr. Perdicaris's family came in, and there was music and merriment. "Why do you live here," we asked, "so far away from civilization and educational facilities and the old flag?" Well, it was hard to say—chiefly because he had lived in Tangier so long that his roots were far down. The children had grown up and were around him, and there were so many people—chiefly natives—who had come to be dependent upon him. No, he could not leave them.

❀

We learned from others that Mr. Perdicaris had done a great deal of good in Tangier, so much good that it is hard to believe that any of the natives, even brigands, would cause him suffering. He has always been on the side of the poor and the oppressed. He has helped to improve the sanitary condition of the city; he has visited those who were sick and in prison—that terrible Tangier prison—and he has been the good angel of the only town in Morocco that could possibly appreciate a good angel if it had one. And to be carried away by a man who had been his guest and to whom he had always been kind! After all, it is a good thing to live under the immediate protection of the old flag.

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First Impressions of Japan[1]

By George Kennan

Special Correspondent of The Outlook in the East

Personal letters from Mr. Kennan show that he has already made gratifying progress in the serious study of Japanese character and purpose and in obtaining access to the most authoritative sources of knowledge about the Eastern problem in its large relations. Letters of introduction from the highest diplomatic officials in the United States to members of the Japanese Ministry and private letters to Japanese men and women of high rank and influence open to Mr. Kennan opportunities quite exceptional. From the English and American residents in Yokohama Mr. Kennan received a cordial social welcome. The United States is vitally interested in the great international questions which must arise before and after the war is ended, and The Outlook's correspondent in the Far East will be in a position to say something about these matters of real value and from full information. Meanwhile we may expect articles dealing with Japan in its war-time aspects, and very possibly with actual scenes of the war. Among subjects that may be treated soon are the character and private life of the Mikado, from an interview with a member of the Imperial Court close to the royal circle, and an account of the methods and working of the Japanese Red Cross. Mr. Kennan writes that he finds numerous war correspondents in Tokyo, apparently, at the date of writing, no nearer an assignment that would permit them to go to the front than they were a month earlier.—THE EDITORS.

A SPECIAL correspondent who has spent only five days in a country as novel as Japan and among people as unfamiliar as the Japanese, and who has to base a letter on that limited experience, must necessarily confine himself to first impressions. He is not qualified to draw conclusions, express opinions, or pronounce judgment with regard to any aspect of the strange environment in which he suddenly finds himself. All he can do, and all that he has a right to do, is to describe, as accurately as possible, the few things that he has seen.

We reached Manila in the Government transport Buford on the 13th of April, after a tedious voyage of thirty-three days from San Francisco. As there was no means at that time of going directly from the Philippines to Japan, we took the steamer Zafiro on the 18th of April for Hongkong, went thence up the Canton River to the city of Canton, rode in sedan chairs nearly all of one day through the gloomy seven-foot corridors of that extraordinary Chinese labyrinth, and finally returned to Hongkong just in time to catch the Canadian Pacific steamer Empress of India for Shanghai, Nagasaki, Kobe, and Yokohama.

Before daybreak on the morning of Monday, April 25, we made the lights on the southwestern coast of Japan, and when I turned out and went on deck, at half-past six, the mountains of southern Hizen were abeam, and the high green islands of Iwoshima and Kaminoshima, off the entrance to the harbor of Nagasaki, were looming up directly ahead. The weather was cool, cloudy, and damp; the mountains were half hidden in mist; the nearer land, as we approached it, came out in varied tints of fresh, vivid green; and both scenery and atmosphere suggested the coast of Wales or some part of western Scotland.

As soon as we were signaled from the mouth of the harbor, a little Japanese steamer ran out to pilot us in, and, following its lead, we entered what seemed to be a deep, narrow inlet, which ran back three miles or more, between terraced, highly cultivated, and vividly green hills, to the city of Nagasaki. Although this important harbor is doubtless well fortified, no signs of fortification can be discovered from the water. On one of the high hills near the entrance I could see, with a glass, a solitary soldier pacing back and forth in front of what looked like a low embankment, but there was no flag floating over it; its guns, if it had any, were concealed, and it may

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have been nothing more than an observation or signal station. Generally speaking, Nagasaki did not offer a suggestion nor show an indication of war. There were no transports or war-ships in the harbor and no soldiers in the streets; the only officers who came on board our steamer were the surgeons of the quarantine station; the defensive works of the city were so nearly invisible that I could not find them with a glass; and no one would have imagined from the peaceful aspect of things that the Japanese were at war with one of the strongest military powers on earth, and that Nagasaki was one of the ports from which they were sending soldiers, ammunition, and supplies to the front.

The scenery of southwestern Japan in general, and of Nagasaki harbor in particular, is picturesque and pleasing rather than strikingly impressive. The mountains which skirt the coast and appear at the back of the town are varied in form and delicate in coloring; but they are not high enough nor rugged enough to make an impression of grandeur, while the hills that frame the long, narrow, lake-like harbor owe most of their charm to the diversified tints and shades of vivid green made by the intermingling of pine and maple groves with small, highly cultivated terraces.

The most interesting thing that we saw at Nagasaki, and one of the most striking exhibitions of quiet efficiency that I have ever seen anywhere, was the coaling of our steamer. The transference of fifteen hundred or two thousand tons of coal from the shore to the bunkers of a vessel lying out in the middle of a harbor is a task of considerable magnitude, and one that might be expected, even under the most favorable conditions, to occupy two or three days. When, therefore, I was informed, before we reached Nagasaki, that the Japanese would coal a steamer like the Empress of India in from five to eight hours, without donkey-engines, cranes, or hoisting-machinery of any kind, I felt an eager curiosity to see it done. This curiosity, moreover, was greatly stimulated by the additional information that the task would be accomplished by a gang of young Japanese girls, equipped only with flexible, bowl-shaped straw baskets holding about a third of a bushel each, and that these girls could put two thousand tons of coal on board of a steamer lying out in midstream in less than eight hours.

Before the Empress of India had fairly swung into position at the mooring-buoy, four or five big coal-barges, in tow or under sail, came off to her and made fast alongside. Nimble and dexterous Japanese coolies instantly threw up against the steamer's side eight or ten stout frames, which supported a number of square platforms, about four feet apart, one rising above another in slanting gradation, like the steps of a Brobdingnagian step-ladder. At the same time, a fleet of large open Japanese sampans, crowded with girls in dark-blue gowns and white head-kerchiefs, came off to us from the shore, and the girls, swarming over the coal barges, climbed up the step-ladders and took positions on the square platforms, in couples, so as to make two continuous lines up each frame from the pile of coal on the barge to one of the big portholes of the steamer. The men on the barges then began filling the small straw baskets with coal, putting about two shovelfuls into each; and as fast as they were filled, the girls seized them and tossed them up from hand to hand and from platform to platform of the big step-ladder, so that they came over the ship's side in a continuous stream, like the buckets of a grain elevator. As fast as the baskets were emptied into the steamer's coal-chutes another set of girls threw them back upon the barge, where they were seized, refilled, and again passed up. By counting several times the baskets that came up between the girls of one double line, I ascertained that the average rate of delivery at the top of each frame was forty-three basketfuls per minute. Inasmuch as every basket held about fourteen pounds, each double line of girls put on board 602 pounds of coal per minute, or a little more than 18 tons per hour; and as there were nine double lines of girls on the two sides of the ship, the steamer was getting coal at an average rate of two and three-quarters tons per minute, or 162 tons every hour. Even this was not the possible maximum,

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because by increasing the number of frames and passers it would have been quite practicable to handle 250 tons an hour, and this speed has often been attained. Indeed, on one occasion, the coolie girls of Nagasaki put 1,360 tons of coal on one of the Empress steamers in four hours, or at the rate of nearly six tons per minute.

It is doubtful whether any hoisting and conveying machinery that man has ever devised could put coal on board a steamer in mid-stream at an average speed-rate of 340 tons per hour, and do it as economically as it is done by a gang of Japanese girls. The compensation received by the latter is dependent upon the number of coal-baskets that they handle, but it seldom exceeds three or four cents per hour. The work, of course, is hard, but as every basket is passed up by two girls standing opposite each other, the weight actually lifted by each is only seven pounds. That seven-pound weight, it is true, has to be lifted or tossed forty-three times a minute; but the muscles of the girls' arms and shoulders become so hardened and developed by constant practice that, like the legs of the jinrikisha-men, they seem to be incapable of fatigue. The girls who coaled our steamer were apparently fresh and vigorous when they finished their work, about three o'clock in the afternoon, and they all went ashore in the fleet of sampans, laughing and chattering as if they had been having an enjoyable lark.

I was surprised to notice that they succeeded in keeping themselves fairly clean. The passing of coal, in flexible, loosely plaited straw baskets, is dirty work, and men who engage in it soon get to look like chimney-sweeps. Not so the Japanese girls. Their dresses were made of dark-blue cotton, which did not seem to retain or show coal-dust; the white kerchiefs or towels in which they wrapped up their hair were protected by circles of coarse woven straw, bent down over their ears so as to make a sort of A-shaped thatch; and every girl carried somewhere, in a pocket, a piece of white cotton cloth with which, when necessary, she carefully wiped away perspiration in such a manner as not to besmirch her face. Their hands and bare forearms, of course, were blackened; but even after four or five hours of basket-tossing, their faces, as a rule, were clean.

Shortly after the coolie girls began work in the morning, another small fleet of sampans brought off to the steamer twenty or thirty dealers in Japanese manufactures and curios, who opened up their bags, packs, and boxes, and spread out on the promenade deck an extraordinary assortment of wares, consisting, in part, of cloisonné enamels; Satsuma vases and tea-sets; small jinrikishas, sampans and sailing-junks made out of tortoise-shell; old Japanese and Korean coins; collections of postage-stamps; scrap-books filled with Japanese trade-labels; chatelaine bags ornamented with silver dragons; ivory carvings; wooden massage balls; fox and geese boards; savings banks and puzzle-boxes inlaid with colored woods; opium pipes and cases; silver trinkets in bewildering variety; ivory umbrella handles; carved bamboo canes, and scores of other things, all of them ingenious or artistic, and most of them beautifully and delicately wrought.

About four o'clock in the afternoon the dealers in curios packed up their tempting wares and left the ship; half an hour later the C. P. R. tender brought back to the steamer the last of the passengers who had been making purchases ashore, and at 5 P.M. we sailed for Kobe and Yokohama. Early the next morning we steamed through the narrow strait known as the Shimonoseki Passage, and entered the first of the chain of intercommunicating "nadas," or sea-basins, which, taken together, make up the famous Inland Sea of Japan. Here, for the first time, we saw evidences of war, in the shape of twenty Japanese transports loaded with soldiers on their way to the front. To what part of the Asiatic mainland this large expeditionary force was going we did not then know; but in the light of subsequent events it seems probable that these were the troops that have since landed on the Liaotung peninsula north of Port Arthur.

The scenery of the Inland Sea, with its mountainous environment, its archipelagoes of islands, its deeply indented

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coast-line, and the innumerable clusters of tile-roofed houses that fringe the shores of its sheltered harbors and bays, has long been famous for picturesqueness and beauty; but the weather, when we passed through it, was so dark and rainy that we received only misty impressions of steep hillsides, cut into hundreds of small cultivated terraces; high mountain ridges whose crests were shaggy with the dark foliage of pines; white lighthouses standing on small rocky islands, or crowning the promontories between the "nadas;" and great expanses of smooth green water dotted with the white or yellowish sails of innumerable schooners, sampans, fishing-boats, and clumsy, high-sterned, lateen-rigged junks which looked more like the caravels of Columbus or Vasco da Gama than like anything of modern construction.

The amount and variety of the shipping on the Inland Sea strikes the newcomer with amazement. In the 240-mile stretch between Shimonoseki and Kobe we must have passed thirty or forty steamers, including the transports, hundreds of large sailing vessels of all sorts, and sampans, junks, and fishing-boats enough to pack New York Bay solidly from the Battery to Sandy Hook. Again and again, at intervals throughout the day, I counted from fifty to a hundred vessels in sight at one time; and in the harbor of Kobe, when we arrived there, we found no less than twenty ocean-going steamers. Japan will never lack hardy, daring, and accomplished sailors to man her war-fleets.

We sailed from Kobe at noon on the 27th of April, ran out of the Inland Sea by the Kii channel, and reached Yokohama about ten o'clock on the following morning. The entrance to Tokyo Bay is defended by three low but extensive modern forts in the channel, as well as by powerful batteries on the shores, and it is more than doubtful whether a hostile fleet could get within shelling distance of Yokohama, even if the Japanese war-ships were out of the way. The approach to the city is not particularly striking in scenic effect; but the great number of vessels of all sorts that are constantly coming or going give to the broad sheet of water an interest that it would not otherwise have.

After passing quarantine inspection (for the third time in Japan) we ran into the inner harbor through a narrow opening in a long stone breakwater, and anchored at a distance of only three or four hundred yards from the row of spacious hotels, clubs, and private residences that stand along Yokohama's broad Water Street—the "Bund." Steam launches from all the principal hotels came off at once to the steamer, and in less than half an hour we were set down with our baggage at the custom-house. My experience in custom-houses has not been invariably pleasant, but if they were all like the custom-house of blessed memory in Yokohama I should enter them with hope and confidence, if not with positive joy. The polite Japanese officials not only "chalked" typewriters, cameras, field-glasses, and all hand-luggage without inspection or question, but promptly sent three trunks, a valise, and a large bamboo telescope-case to our hotel, without opening them, and without even asking us to make a "declaration." Whether this leniency is intended to encourage tourist travel, or whether it is merely an indication of the friendly feeling that the Japanese have for Englishmen and Americans, I do not know; but it is a thing for which I feel sincerely grateful.

My first impressions of Yokohama are separable—and, indeed, must be separated—into two widely different classes: viz., on one side, those that relate to a European city of modern buildings, luxurious clubs, beautiful private residences half hidden in greenery, clean macadamized streets, and hotels where guests in evening dress eat their dinner to the music of a band; and, on the other side, those that relate to an Asiatic city of low, tile-roofed shops with signs in big white Japanese characters on blue cotton cloth; sluggish canals filled with sampans and junks; temples from which comes the intermittent throbbing of tom-toms and drums; tall flagstaffs from which the wind blows out huge colored, air-inflated fish with hoops for mouths; Japanese women in dark kimonos and bright sashes, hobbling along on high

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wooden clogs with babies on their backs; bareheaded coolies in the dark-blue, white-barred uniform dress of the trade guilds; bare-legged jinrikisha-men in inverted bowl-shaped hats, trotting past with full-grown passengers in large-sized, two-wheeled baby-carriages; Chinamen, Hindus, and Japanese natives of all sorts, coming, going, chattering, laughing, and gathering in little groups to gaze at the highly colored pictures of the war displayed in front of some photographer's shop or news-stand.

Of the impressions thus grouped, those that relate to the Asiatic city are by far the deeper and more vivid. The Yokohama of the "Bund" and the "Bluff" (the bay-side promenade and the foreign residence quarter) is a city whose features are modern and familiar; but the Yokohama of the canals and the regions adjacent thereto—while it may not be the real Japan—is a city which, to the newcomer, is full of curiosities and surprises.

Day before yesterday our Japanese guide, Oshima, informed us that a body of troops, summoned to the colors from the reserves, were to leave the city that afternoon by rail, and that if we cared to go to the Yokohama station we would have an opportunity of seeing the way in which the Japanese people gave their soldiers "banzai"—which I took to mean an encouraging send-off. This was precisely one of the things that we did care to see, so, accepting gratefully the horses and carriage which a friend in the hotel offered us, we drove westward through the native quarter toward the station. We had hardly gone half a mile when we heard the music of a brass band, and saw approaching on an intersecting street a disorderly, tumultuous procession with banners, streamers, and white cotton transparencies, followed by a trailing line of Japanese women with babies on their backs and a lot of toddling children waving small paper flags. "This," I said to myself, "can't possibly be a body of troops! It looks more like a Japanese delegation going to a political convention." Summoning Oshima, who accompanied us on a bicycle, I demanded an explanation. "Are these the troops, Oshima, that are going to the front? Why aren't they in uniform? Are they fresh recruits?"

"No," replied Oshima, "these no troops; these friends go give soldier banzai."

We halted for a moment at the corner, yielding to the procession the right of way, and, as it turned into our street, I saw that it was composed very largely of bareheaded men in the dark-blue dress of a trade guild. In the midst of the crowd, under the biggest of the red-rayed Japanese flags, marched a single man in uniform; and this solitary soldier was being escorted to the station by a procession of one hundred and fifty or two hundred men and women, with five large scarlet or purple flags, a long white streamer inscribed with Japanese characters, two square transparencies of white cotton cloth, and a band of music!

Further inquiries elicited from Oshima the information that when a soldier of the reserve, who belongs to a trade guild, is called upon to join his regiment, all of his friends, and the members of his guild, as far as possible, assemble somewhere, with flags and music, and escort him to the station. In some cases, to save expense, the friends and guild-brothers of two or three soldiers unite, and get up a single procession for them all; but if a man happens to be popular in the trade to which he belongs, or has well-to-do friends, he is likely to have an escort all to himself.

As we approached the railway terminus, processions escorting one, two, or three soldiers made their appearance in all the converging streets; and over one of these processions I counted no less than nineteen large banners and streamers, to say nothing of hundreds of small flags carried by the marchers in their hands. When we reached the open space in front of the station, we found it occupied by a great throng of shouting, cheering people, who held aloft a perfect forest of flagstaffs, from which fluttered big gonfalons of royal purple; long white streamers inscribed with the names of trade guilds; flags displaying a scarlet disc on a white ground, or the showy, red-rayed sun of "Great Nippon;" and, last but not least, the

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familiar colors of the Stars and Stripes. Three or four bands were playing martial music by turns, and every now and then a dense crowd of men surrounding a particular soldier would throw both hands high in air and burst into a fierce, exultant shout of "Banzai! Dai Nippón teikóku banzai!" (Hurrah! for the Great Empire of Japan, hurrah!)

Leaving the carriage, I made my way with some difficulty toward a big American flag which I could see side by side with a Japanese standard near the center of the throng. Just before I reached it, one of the bands suddenly struck up "The Battle-Cry of Freedom." The whole assemblage instantly burst into a thunderous shout of "Banzai!" and before I knew it I was holding both hands aloft, in the Japanese fashion, and shouting "Banzai!" with all the voice I had. It was not the battle-cry with which I was most familiar; but if the Japanese were going to carry our flag and play our music, I was ready to adopt their hurrah. A few minutes later, another band began to play "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground;" and I doubt very much whether that old war-song, to which so many thousands of American troops have marched, ever stirred the fighting spirit of a stranger or more patriotic assemblage of people than the crowd of bareheaded Japanese laborers, artisans, fishermen, and sailors, who held their hands aloft under that forest of flags and shouted, "Banzai! for the Great Empire of Japan, banzai!"

One would have supposed, from the flags, the bands of music, the enthusiasm, and the hurrahs, that the people of Yokohama were bidding good-by to at least a regiment of soldiers; but I ascertained by careful inquiry that they were seeing off just thirty-six men! Day after day, and week after week, such scenes as this are to be witnessed in all parts of Japan, and the patriotic enthusiasm of the people never tires or falters. Does any one think that such demonstrations are foolish, or hysterical, or absurdly out of proportion to the significance of the thirty-six men who are going to the front? Far from it! Those thirty-six men represent thirty-six thousand—or twice thirty-six thousand—who have been escorted to railway trains or transports by their friends and the members of their guilds in precisely this way; and when they go into action on the Yalu, or in Manchuria, they will remember that they are sustaining the honor not only of "Great Nippon," but of the little groups of men and women who waved flags over their heads and shouted "banzai" after them when they left their homes. The two hundred men who refused to surrender and went down in the Kinshu Maru; the volunteers who sunk the merchant vessels in the channel at Port Arthur and died at their posts; and the midshipman who displayed such extraordinary daring and courage as to receive the honor of special mention in the Russian despatches—all were men who remembered the flags, the music, and the "banzais" of the last good-by.

The patriotism of the Japanese people strikes even an American as something extraordinary and phenomenal. I have seen women stick little cotton flags in the fists of the babies on their backs, and stand for hours beside a railroad track, waiting for a train-load of troops, satisfied if they could only throw a package of cheap cotton towels into an open window, or even wave their handkerchiefs once to the men who were going to the front. Soldiers who bid their friends or their families good-by bid them good-by forever, with the expectation and the assurance of death. Three or four days ago an English lady living on the "Bluff" in Yokohama received a letter from a Japanese boy who had been employed in her house as a servant, and who had gone to Korea with the first reserves. After giving her some news of his health and his movements, he concluded by saying, in quaint and imperfect English:

> Please remember, that though I will die, Nippon Teikoku [Great Japan] should have victory and honor.
>
> (Signed)
>
> Youth who unfear death
>
> HIRO YAMAMOTO.

Of such "youth who unfear death" are the armies of Japan made up, and behind them is the flaming patriotism of a proud, brave, and united people.

Yokohama, May 3.

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The South and the Negro

III.—All Sorts and Conditions of Black Folk

By Ernest Hamlin Abbott

GEORGE WASHINGTON was driving me to the railroad station. We had been chatting about the preachers in the Baptis' Chu'ch. George Washington was explaining to me that some of the preachers were no 'count; that they preached what they oughtn't to, and say that colored folks do what they don't do. In other words, George Washington felt that when he heard sermons bearing pretty closely on the crude sins of thieving and drunkenness and promiscuous living, he was listening to a man slandering his own race. For one, he rebelled. Then, in one of those rare moments when a Southern negro forgets his function of being a diplomat, he spoke out: "De trouble wi' th' color' people is 'at they don' stan' up f'r one ano'er."

Why should they?

Does the laborer in a New York tenement "stand up for" the professor in Harvard College? Does the bucket-shop operator "stand up for" the farmer in Iowa? Yet the laborer is no more incapacitated from understanding the tastes and ambitions of the man in the academic life of Harvard than is George Washington from understanding the tastes and ambitions of a negro college professor; and the bucket-shop operator is no more disinclined to discover the point of view of a farmer in the West than is many an overdressed, underbred negro in Washington from discovering the point of view of an industrious negro farmer. It is too seldom recognized that the liberty of the last forty years has had the same effect on the negro race as it always has on every race, of individual development, allowing some negroes to be guided by unregulated impulse, others to be guided by regulated will.

Are there not, then, certain inherent racial traits common to all negroes? That there are such is apparently assumed by many who write on the subject of the race problem in the South and by nearly all Southern people whom I have met. It is true that one cultivated Southerner, who has made a special study of the negroes, said to me: "'The reasonable thing to do is to deal, not with the negro as a race, but with the negro as an individual." On the other hand, a cultivated Northerner, who for years has been a member of a large Southern community, said to me on the same day, "You can't treat the negro as an individual, for that minute he will apply what you do for him to his whole race." The fact that the Southerner said what one might have expected the Northerner to say, and that the Northerner said what one might have expected the Southerner to say, only goes to show how futile dogmatism on the subject of racial traits is. I shall certainly propound no theory. Two results of my experiences I can proffer, and each reader can judge for himself their value. First, I have found, or rather felt, an intangible, indefinable barrier blocking me out of the real confidences of almost every negro with whom I have talked. Some negroes have frankly confessed to me that, constitutionally, they were incapable of talking to any white man with the same sense of freedom that they felt in talking with almost any negro. As one such confession was made to me by a man who interested me so much in the subject concerning which we were conversing—a subject not at all suggested by the race problem—that I became oblivious of the fact that he was a negro, and as other white men have felt as I have, I am not without reason for believing that, however true it may be that my experience, in some cases, may be attributed to my own tactlessness, it is attributable also to some other cause. This cause, it seems to me, may be with reason stated as a diplomatic attitude engendered naturally in the minds of any one who is always aware that he

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belongs to a race generally regarded as inferior, and is therefore in a state of chronic uncertainty as to whether the next man he may meet of another race may not offensively refer to this assumed inferiority. Second, I have never heard of any racial trait of the negro which may not be explained as a consequence of social heredity—as distinguished from biological heredity.[1] In other words, every negro characteristic which I have heard justly or unjustly described as such may reasonably be considered to belong to that mental inheritance that comes into the possession of an individual after birth. I have yet to be persuaded that any so-called "negro trait," not strictly physical, is bred in the bone, except by metaphor. I have known negroes born and bred in New England who have all the traits which belong distinctively to a Yankee social inheritance.

Using the term in this sense, the negroes of the South have one marked racial trait which I have never heard questioned. This is their remarkable facility for adapting themselves to other people's point of view. To call this imitativeness is to emphasize its external aspect. In the lower classes of negroes it is perhaps imitativeness chiefly. A few years ago I saw a very concrete example of this trait in a rather unusual aspect. A clergyman in a Southern city showed me a number of pictures drawn by a young negro in whom he was personally interested. Most of the pictures were religious. One represented the betrayal of Christ.

"Do you notice anything peculiar about that picture?" my host asked me.

"It is not unlike some other picture I have seen before," I answered, with some hesitation.

"Look at the faces. You can see that the features of Christ are those of a Caucasian; but the features—not the color, but the features—of Judas are—negroid."

It was a pathetic and, I believe, wholly unconscious depiction of what that young negro felt to be the white man's point of view.

It is the possession of this trait, which distinguishes negroes from Indians who have been educated side by side with them, that has enabled the negroes to be incorporated into the American community as the Indians have never been and give no promise of ever being; it is this that accounts for the degradation of many negroes who have found it easy to adopt the vices of white men; and it is this that gives promise of the advancement of a race which in forty years has produced men of real distinction and really high attainments.

Other traits, some physical, some mental, some moral, are often mentioned as characteristic of the negro race. As to the physical traits I am not competent to judge; but in general I should say they were traits which might be expected of any people living under certain disadvantageous social and economic conditions. As to the mental and moral traits, they seem to be rather the traits of a class than a race; as a majority of the race belong to one general lower class, it is not unnatural that people have confused the two. The dishonesty, the docility, the indolence, the emotionalism, the wit, the heedless good nature of Southern negroes are all characteristics of a happy and primitive peasantry unaccustomed to the possession of liberty or property and living in an easy clime. Negroes I have met who have moved out of that class or climate are as marked by honesty, independence, industry, and reserve as most white people in the same station, and rather more given than they to bitter reflection.

In order, therefore, to understand the negroes of the South it is not sufficient to have even intimate acquaintance with "the great mass of negroes;" it is necessary to recognize the distinctions that exist among them.

The distinction most commonly made in the South by whites and blacks alike is that determined by age—the distinction between the old-time negroes and the "new issue." The old servant type is too familiar to need here any new description. Of its many high qualities there can be no manner of doubt. One charming young Southern woman, after telling me many stories, some amusing and some very touching, about her old

[1] For an interesting study of social heredity see Gulick's "The Evolution of the Japanese."

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black mammy who had brought her up, pointed to one quality in many of these negro servants not often recognized—their efficiency. The way she brought out this quality was by saying very simply: "Mammy was proud of me because she made me." The number of such servants is of course constantly diminishing. Occasionally I came across younger negroes who had continued the traditions of older relatives, but none of them, so far as I know, was willing to do what many older servants preferred to do, receive no wages, but work for what the employer might judge it best to grant in money or clothing from time to time. These deferential, faithful, level-headed, improvident, and often very competent servants are fast disappearing. It is to such as these that public tributes from Southern white people are most frequently paid; and it is at their funerals that Southern white people are often the sincerest mourners.

Of the younger negroes, the "new issue," no such public expression of approval is heard. Indeed, the casual traveler in the South might easily never hear anything of them except words of contempt and distrust. A contractor in Maryland who employs a thousand negroes at a time, and whose friendliness with negroes is a matter of common knowledge in his part of the State, said to me, after testifying to the merits of negro labor and advocating the right of thrifty and progressive negroes to vote: "But the younger generation are not like the older. What we are going to do for labor when the old ones die I don't know. That's the dark side of it." A Virginia business man who had taken pride in calling my attention to some of the successful business enterprises of negroes in his city ended by saying despondently: "But ninety per cent. are very different—unreliable, 'triflin' niggroes.' If we could only close the whisky joints and the gambling-houses there might be some hope of improving them." The unreliability, inefficiency, and moral looseness of young negro domestic servants formed an inexhaustible topic of conversation in every region I went, and among people whose sympathies with the negro were unmistakable. What surprised me most was the evidence I found that the interest of the negroes, especially of the younger generation, in education was languid. Immediately after they were freed, the negroes throughout the South apparently coveted "book-learning" and put immense effort into getting the advantages of schools for themselves and their children. The negroes who have grown up since the war are not characterized in many regions by any such universal desire for education either for themselves or for their children. The young superintendent of schools who had spoken warmly to me of his determination to see that every little negro in and about his territory that wanted an education should have it, said that his greatest problem was to keep up the attendance in the negro schools; he showed me the empty benches in the largest of the negro schools under his charge; enabled me to meet the negro teachers, who deprecated the sparse attendance; and as we passed a couple of negro girls rolling in a pile of leaves by the roadside during school hours, remarked, "That is what we have to contend against." Testimony of such white people as these was not engendered of prejudice.

Similar testimony was reluctantly given to me by negroes themselves. One old man, who had told how he and his people had stood by their "mahsters" during the war, added his opinion that the younger generation "ain't like us were." Then he told me of his family. He had three sons and one daughter. One son was doing well—working for students in a white college. Another was in trouble—in jail for killing a man. "He said it was in self-defense. Both on 'em were drinkin'. Terrible country that western country [West Virginia]. Ma daughter married a man in Washington. Her husband spends his time gamblin'. He's a great hand to get money. But easy comes easy goes. Ma other son, I don' know wha' he is." A negro preacher whose sermon I heard delivered before the "Order of Tents," a benevolent society of negro women, called attention during his discourse to the fact that there were few young

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women in the order, a fact he greatly deplored. A negro presiding elder, with whom I fell into conversation, in the same breath in which he spoke of the financial prosperity of the churches in his charge spoke of the increasing obstacle they met with in the drunkenness among the negro young men. He laid the fault at the door of the white saloon-keepers. A colored lawyer of good standing in his community, a man prominent in philanthropic work among his own people, acknowledged that he knew of no young men among the negro property-owners of his town; and when I asked him how successfully the younger negroes were making moral progress, he hesitated a long while before replying: "Not as well as I should like to see them." And when I asked the reasons, he mentioned a smattering of education, a disinclination to work, and then decided he could not give the other reasons he had in mind because he might be misunderstood. He evidently did not wish to give testimony against his own race. He held the factory surroundings responsible for much of the evil among the young people. "If we could raise the standard among the young men, that would settle the question among the young women," he said; "but that is hard. They get enough money to buy a good-looking suit of clothes, and then stand on the street corners and display themselves." It was for this reason that he was greatly interested in the work of the colored Young Men's Christian Association. A very well informed negro minister, active in promoting practical education among his people, once told me that in certain colored communities he personally knew, drunkenness and licentiousness had so increased that he had come to the conclusion that, though lynching was never justified, there was some basis of reason behind it. He said that, according to his experience, parents did not take the interest in children they once did. The unreliability and ignorance of the young people were so great and the lack of home training was such that he saw only one method of cure—the establishment of schools where the government of the children could be adequate and continuous. One needs only the evidence of his eyes to find confirmation of this sort of testimony from both white and black concerning the childishness and animalism to be found in the "new issue."

It is, however, as impossible to indict a whole generation as to indict a whole people. Among the younger generation of negroes there are signs as certainly pointing toward advance as there are signs pointing toward decadence. One of these signs is, it seems to me, sometimes misinterpreted. In the negro church where I heard the sermon addressed to the Order of Tents an old deacon was called upon for prayer. He began slowly, and then with increasing fervor fell into a strange rhythmic cantilation: "Our Fáthuah—we feel so thánkful ah—dis évenin' ah—that you have hélped us ah—we feel dis évenin' ah—that you will hélp us ah—get out'n d' wáy uah—an' let dis órduah—go ó-on ah—we feel so thánkful ah—for dat great female ráce uah—we know you is our Fáthuah—the heav'ns is yo' thróne uah—de earth is yo' foótstool ah—and hell is yo' príson-house ah." By this time, while his voice was lifted into shrieks, and many of the older colored people were roused into a weird frenzy, the younger negroes were suppressing their laughter or were becoming restless and uncomfortably self-conscious. This emergence from unsophisticated emotionalism, indicated in the action of these young people, is unquestionably an emergence into a mental condition more amenable to reason, and at the same time less amenable to mere explicit direction, than the simple-minded attitude of the older negroes. People who wish negroes to remain convenient instruments for carrying out the will of the whites do not welcome this growth of self-conscious independence and individualism. Others discern in it a promise of a more regulated will in the negroes themselves.

This regulated will is naturally to be found in the more unobtrusive and inconspicuous of the younger negroes. It shows itself in quiet industry. A negro foreman on a Virginia estate named to me one young negro after another who had gone from that vicinity and was sending home proofs of his steadiness

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in the form of money which he had earned. In that same region, so I was told, there had not been a negro arrested, except for debt, in twenty years. There also the only public schools which had had continuous sessions for years were the schools for negroes. Indeed, the white school in one neighborhood was so ill supported that it was sold to the negroes, who now use it for their secret societies, the negroes in the meantime maintaining the attendance of children in their own school. An old negro, once a body servant, now a farm laborer, told me of his three boys. They had gone to "the city," where, he said, they got more money but spent more than he did—in fact, as he put it, "they just handle it." They were all doing well—one a butler, one in a coal-yard, and one in a store. White men gave testimony to the existence of such reliable young negroes. One, a miller in a remote Virginia village, proudly said, "Best sort of darkies here. I saw a meal-bag lying on a wharf three days and nobody touched it. It's true that the darkies get ten cents and then won't work till the money's gone; but, for that matter, white and black's the same here." A most engaging Virginian gentleman, a shrewd interpreter of human nature, and a most successful industrial organizer, had this to say about the "new issue:" "For twenty-five years I've employed negroes, and only two were 'mean niggers.' Most farmers when they say niggers won't work mean that this particular nigger won't do some particular work for *him* at whatever wages he is willing to pay. My negro confidential man is a young fellow—you saw him. Talk about character. I trust him with everything in my office. I've had to have a special wire and a telegrapher here. One day I discovered that that negro boy had learned telegraphy by simply hearing the instrument day after day. He handed me a message. 'Where did you get that?' I asked him. 'Why, the operator was out,' he said, 'an' I took it down.'" That young negro, he made clear, was more than the equal of any old-time servant he had ever known. The cheerful view of one Southerner who dismissed the subject of the "new issue" with the remark, "The negroes are progressing, I reckon," was not unjustifiable.

Some explanation for these discrepancies in the testimony concerning the younger generation of negroes will be found, I think, in what I shall have hereafter to say about different classes of negroes in the South. In the meantime I think it only fair to quote what two Southerners said, hopefully, even of the most exasperating qualities of the "new issue." One of these Southerners, a lawyer of Virginia, who had had relations with negroes, both personal and professional, that gave him an exceptionally intimate knowledge of the worst as well as the best elements of the race, said: "Negroes of middle age are nearly all good and reliable; the younger negroes are not so. But in my mind there is the question whether this is not due not to racial qualities but merely to youth, and whether all this impudence and disorder will not disappear with maturity." It so happened that during the week when I heard most explicitly concerning the fact, to repeat one expression used at the time, that "the darkies that give the trouble are all young ones," a committee of Protestant ministers in a Connecticut city were preparing a resolution to the effect that drastic action ought to be taken, "when we consider what a mixed multitude our population has become, how utterly undisciplined—to judge from the occurrences of the past year—the younger element of that population seems to be." The constant factor in the troublesome "mixed population" of Connecticut and the troublesome negro population of Virginia is youth. The cure for the ills of youth is education. The other Southerner I want to quote is a physician of North Carolina. To put his statement briefly: "The younger negroes are triflin', but their children are better." In other words, the same sort of reaction which resulted in producing after a servile generation one that was uncontrolled, is now producing after a generation that has suffered from the ills of misused liberty a generation that promises to have the qualities of restraint.

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Distinctions among negroes determined by age may be said to be the broad distinctions inevitably resulting between those brought up under a normal state of an abnormal system, that is, under slavery well established, and those brought up under an abnormal state of a normal system, that is, under a free community very ill established. These distinctions determined by the environment of social conditions are modified by distinctions determined by another kind of environment—that of locality.

Of the differences between the negroes of the Lower South and the Upper South I have already made some mention. Here I wish to enter rather into the differences between the negroes of the Upper South alone. These vary with the locality. The principal variation is to be seen between the negroes of the tide-water region and the interior counties, and between those of the city and the country.

A citizen of Norfolk, Virginia, reminded me that Dickens had visited there, and quoted his saying about the region round about: "God planted here an Eden and then cursed it with fish and oysters." It is the fish and oysters that make life easy. The negroes flock to the tide-water region, in the summer do a day's fishing, or in the winter go out with the oyster-tongs, and exist until the income from their one day's pleasant effort is exhausted. The result is an increasing class of idling negroes—idling because they are not compelled to be provident. The tide-water negroes are the most exasperating class of blacks in the South. Along the wharves, where labor is in great demand, the shippers see negroes, able-bodied and ragged, lying in the burning sun fast asleep. One shipper told me that his firm, which employs about three hundred negroes, had one man whose sole business it was to hire men each day to fill vacancies. Out of three hundred that firm has had a hundred and fifty lie off, out of sheer indolence, at once. Off Hampton Roads and the estuary of the James are large truck farms. These farms represent a great deal of capital, for the cost of draining the land by a system of underground pipes and of fertilizing the land annually means the outlay of a great deal of money to the acreage. More truly than in most farming enterprises an unproductive season means not only a failure to make money but an actual loss of interest on investment. Throughout that region the negroes greatly outnumber the whites. The car in which I traveled on a local train was divided into two compartments; the compartment for negroes was twice the size of that for whites. That will indicate the proportion of colored population when it is remembered that the whites travel much more than the blacks. There is no lack of labor, one would think, yet I found the truck-farmer on whom I called burdened with anxiety because he could not get labor. Hordes of negroes lived all about his farm and stole his products, fished and "tonged," but could not be induced to work with any regularity or certainty. A well-educated and intelligent negro school-teacher gave me no brighter picture of the negroes in that region than I got from the white point of view. It was not surprising, therefore, to find that my hostess there was convinced that negroes were hopeless brutes, irrational and unmoral as animals, and far more repulsive. The most inert and exasperating elements in the negro race are to be found in the tide-water regions of the South.

The negroes of the interior counties of the South constitute a very different class. Among them are to be found the most enterprising individuals of the race. Irregular as negro labor seems to be everywhere, it is far less so away from the seacoast. Consequently, the white people of the interior have as a rule, according to my experience, far more faith in the negro than those living near the coast. The towns in North Carolina which have voted for local taxation on behalf of the public schools for the two races are sparse in the counties of the coast, but are in clusters throughout the Piedmont region. In this respect as in others the condition of the negroes furnishes a gauge with which to measure Southern civilization.

In a less degree the same distinction lies between the negroes of the city and those of the country as that which lies

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between the negroes of the coast and those of the interior. The back doors of indulgent whites, proverbially the source of food supply to the kith as well as the kin of negro servants, take the place of oyster-beds and fishing-grounds. On the other hand, the most cultivated, prosperous, quiet, home-loving, and independent negro people I have met live in Southern cities.

The distinctions among negroes caused by environment of one sort or another are modified by distinctions resulting from heredity. Among the colored people of the South there is a great variety of racial inheritance. Tribal differences, having their origin in Africa, still persist and can be seen in variations of physiognomy. Then the infusion of white blood has left its trace on a very large proportion (no one knows just how large) of people classed as negroes in the South.

To the element of white blood in the negro race Southern white people with whom I talked attributed both the best and the worst traits of the colored people. One young Virginian, a doctor, remarked that the full-blooded negroes were lazy, quiet, orderly, unprogressive, servile; while the mixed bloods were more alert, some disorderly, some progressive, and constituted both the degenerates and the leaders. This, I think, is a very general opinion. It is hard to substantiate, however; for there are no statistics which can be cited to prove either point. It happened, however, that every one of the leaders of the race whom I have met, with possibly two exceptions, have been manifestly of mixed blood, and I include among these the teachers, preachers, and others who were doing other than perfunctory or very obscure work for the race. At every normal school, industrial school, and college for negroes the contrast in physiognomy between an audience there and a congregation in any ordinary negro church I have attended was marked. The extreme negro type present in large numbers in the church I have never noticed in the normal or industrial school or college. The picked members of the race have seemed to be disproportionately of mixed blood. Negroes themselves have the feeling that this is so. There is a church in Richmond known as the fashionable negro church of the city. A Richmond negro described it to me this way: "Ah don' know how you think, but the colored people think that wha' the mos' yeller people goes is the high-toned chu'ch, and that's the chu'ch right over ya'." He said that the church was not especially rich. It was another church in the same city which had the appearance of being the richest negro church I had ever been in. Evidently it was the yellow people, not the yellow metal, that made the church high-toned. There are similar churches in Washington, D. C., and in Charleston, S. C., and, I am told, in other places. An impression seemed to prevail in the South that among a certain class of mulattoes, especially among the "colored four hundred," there is a growing feeling of aversion to social commingling with those who have not the saving benefit of a white ancestor.

For the opinion which I heard frequently expressed that the mulattoes were inferior in vitality to the pure-blooded negroes, no evidence was ever offered to me except the fact that all the very aged colored people are apparently of pure blood. That mulattoes are inferior in vitality to the whites in the same station I could find no evidence whatever.

Certain causes entirely outside of the control of the negroes themselves are thus effective in grouping them into classes. Environment determined by the time of birth effects one classification. Environment determined by the place of birth (entirely outside of the individual's control) and of residence (only in part under the individual's control) effects another classification. Inheritance of tribal African blood or of white blood effects a third classification. When one speaks of The Negro, it is impossible to tell what classification of the negroes is meant. Even of a class scarcely anything definite can be predicated. At any rate, in view of these involuntary distinctions, it is important to remember in speaking of the negroes that indiscriminate statements concerning inherent characteristics of "the race" are of no value.

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THE MOUNTAINS[1]

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

AUTHOR OF "THE FOREST," "THE BLAZED TRAIL," "THE SILENT PLACES," ETC.

III.—On Horses

I REALLY believe that you will find more variation of individual and interesting character in a given number of Western horses than in an equal number of the average men one meets on the street. Their whole education, from the time they run loose on the range until the time when, branded, corralled, broken, and saddled, they pick their way under guidance over a bad piece of trail, tends to develop their self-reliance. They learn to think for themselves.

To begin with two misconceptions, merely by way of clearing the ground: the Western horse is generally designated as a "bronco." The term is considered synonymous of horse or pony. This is not so. A horse is "bronco" when he is ugly or mean or vicious or unbroken. So is a cow "bronco" in the same condition, or a mule, or a burro. Again, from certain Western illustrators and from a few samples, our notion of the cow-pony has become that of a lean, rangy, wiry, thin-necked, scrawny beast. Such may be found. But the average good cow-pony is apt to be an exceedingly handsome animal, clean-built, graceful. This is natural, when you stop to think of it, for he is descended direct from Moorish and Arabian stock.

Certain characteristics he possesses beyond the capabilities of the ordinary horse. The most marvelous to me of these is his sure-footedness. Let me give you a few examples.

I once was engaged with a crew of cowboys in rounding up mustangs in southern Arizona. We would ride slowly in through the hills until we caught sight of the herds. Then it was a case of running them down and heading them off, of turning the herd, milling it, of rushing it while confused across country and into the big corrals. The surface of the ground was composed of angular volcanic rocks about the size of your two fists, between which the bunch-grass sprouted. An Eastern rider would ride his horse very gingerly and at a walk, and then thank his lucky stars if he escaped stumbles. The cowboys turned their mounts through at a dead run. It was beautiful to see the ponies go, lifting their feet well up and over, planting them surely and firmly, and nevertheless making speed and attending to the game.

Once, when we had pushed the herd up the slope of a butte, it made a break to get through a little hog-back. The only way to head it was down a series of rough boulder ledges laid over a great sheet of volcanic rock. The man at the hog-back put his little gray over the ledges and boulders, down the sheet of rock—hop, slip, slide—and along the side hill in time to head off the first of the mustangs. During the ten days of riding I saw no horse fall. The animal I rode, Button by name, never even stumbled.

In the Black Hills years ago I happened to be one of the inmates of a small mining-camp. Each night the work-animals, after being fed, were turned loose in the mountains. As I possessed the only cow-pony in the outfit, he was fed in the corral, and kept up for the purpose of rounding up the others. Every morning one of us used to ride him out after the herd. Often it was necessary to run him at full speed along the mountain-side, over rocks, boulders, and ledges, across ravines and gullies. Never but once in three months did he fall.

On the trail, too, they will perform feats little short of marvelous. Mere steepness does not bother them at all. They sit back almost on their haunches,

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bunch their feet together, and slide. I have seen them go down a hundred feet this way. In rough country they place their feet accurately and quickly, gauge exactly the proper balance. I have led my saddle-horse, Bullet, over country where, undoubtedly to his intense disgust, I myself have fallen a dozen times in the course of a morning. Bullet had no such troubles. Any of the mountain horses will hop cheerfully up or down ledges anywhere. They will even walk a log fifteen or twenty feet above a stream. I have seen the same trick performed in Barnum's circus as a wonderful feat, accompanied by brass bands and breathlessness. We accomplished it on our trip without any brass bands; I cannot answer for the breathlessness. As for steadiness of nerve, they will walk serenely on the edge of precipices a man would hate to look over, and, given a palm's breadth for the soles of their feet, they will get through. Over such a place I should a lot rather trust Bullet than myself.

In an emergency the Western horse is not apt to lose his head. When a pack-horse falls down, he lies still without struggle until eased of his pack and told to get up. If he slips off an edge, he tries to double his fore legs under him and slide. Should he find himself in a tight place, he waits patiently for you to help him, and then proceeds gingerly. A friend of mine rode a horse named Blue. One day, the trail being slippery with rain, he slid and fell. My friend managed a successful jump, but Blue tumbled about thirty feet to the bed of the cañon. Fortunately, he was not injured. After some difficulty, my friend managed to force his way through the chaparral to where Blue stood. Then it was fine to see them. My friend would go ahead a few feet, picking a route. When he had made his decision, he called Blue. Blue came that far and no further. Several times the little horse balanced painfully and unsteadily like a goat, all four feet on a boulder, waiting for his signal to advance. In this manner they regained the trail, and proceeded as though nothing had happened. Instances could be multiplied indefinitely.

A good animal adapts himself quickly. He is capable of learning by experience. In a country entirely new to him he soon discovers the best method of getting about, where the feed grows, where he can find water. He is accustomed to foraging for himself. You do not need to show him his pasturage. If there is anything to eat anywhere in the district, he will find it. Little tufts of bunch-grass growing concealed under the edges of the brush he will search out. If he cannot get grass, he knows how to rustle for the browse of small bushes. Bullet would devour sage-brush when he could get nothing else; and I have even known him philosophically to fill up on dry pine-needles. There is no nutrition in dry pine-needles, but Bullet got a satisfyingly full belly. On the trail a well-seasoned horse will be always on the forage, snatching here a mouthful, yonder a single spear of grass, and all without breaking the regularity of his gait or delaying the pack-train behind him. At the end of the day's travel he is that much to the good.

By long observation thus you will construct your ideal of the mountain horse, and in your selection of your animals for an expedition you will search always for that ideal. It is only too apt to be modified by personal idiosyncrasies, and proverbially an ideal is difficult of attainment; but you will, with care, come closer to its realization than one accustomed only to the conventionality of an artificially reared horse would believe possible.

The ideal mountain horse, when you come to pick him out, is of medium size. He should be not smaller than fourteen hands nor larger than fifteen. He is strongly but not clumsily built, short-coupled, with none of the snipy, speedy range of the valley animal. You will select preferably one of wide, full forehead, indicating intelligence, low in the withers, so the saddle will not be apt to gall him. His sureness of foot should be beyond question, and of course he must be an expert at foraging. A horse that knows but one or two kinds of feed, and that starves unless he can find just those kinds, is an abomination. He must not jump when you throw all kinds

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of rattling and terrifying tarpaulins across him, and he must not mind if the pack-ropes fall about his heels. In the day's march he must follow like a dog without the necessity of a lead-rope, nor must he stray far when turned loose at night.

Fortunately, when removed from the reassuring environment of civilization, horses are gregarious. They hate to be separated from the bunch to which they are accustomed. Occasionally one of us would stop on the trail, for some reason or another, thus dropping behind the pack-train. Instantly the saddle-horse so detained would begin to grow uneasy. Bullet used by all means in his power to try to induce me to proceed. He would nibble me with his lips, paw the ground, dance in a circle, and finally sidle up to me in the position of being mounted, than which he could think of no stronger hint. Then when I had finally remounted, it was hard to hold him in. He would whinny frantically, scramble with enthusiasm up trails steep enough to draw a protest at ordinary times, and rejoin his companions with every symptom of gratification and delight. This gregariousness and alarm at being left alone in a strange country tends to hold them together at night. You are reasonably certain that in the morning, having found one, you will come upon the rest not far away.

The personnel of our own outfit we found most interesting. Although collected from divergent localities, they soon became acquainted. In a crowded corral they were always compact in their organization, sticking close together, and resisting as a solid phalanx encroachments on their feed by other and stranger horses. Their internal organization was very amusing. A certain segregation soon took place. Some became leaders; others by common consent were relegated to the position of subordinates.

The order of precedence on the trail was rigidly preserved by the pack-horses. An attempt by Buckshot to pass Dinkey, for example, the latter always met with a bite or a kick by way of hint. If the gelding still persisted, and tried to pass by a long detour, the mare would rush out at him angrily, her ears back, her eyes flashing, her neck extended. And since Buckshot was by no means inclined always to give in meekly, we had opportunities for plenty of amusement. The two were always skirmishing. When, by a strategic short cut across the angle of a trail, Buckshot succeeded in stealing a march on Dinkey, while she was nipping a mouthful, his triumph was beautiful to see. He never held the place for long, however. Dinkey's was the leadership by force of ambition and energetic character, and at the head of the pack-train she normally marched.

Yet there were hours when utter indifference seemed to fall on the militant spirits. They trailed peacefully and amiably in the rear while Lily or Jenny marched with pride in the coveted advance. But the place was theirs only by sufferance. A bite or a kick sent them back to their own positions when the true leaders grew tired of their vacation.

However rigid this order of precedence, the saddle-animals were acknowledged as privileged—and knew it. They could go where they pleased. Furthermore, theirs was the duty of correcting infractions of the trail discipline, such as grazing on the march, or attempting unauthorized short cuts. They appreciated this duty. Bullet always became vastly indignant if one of the pack-horses misbehaved. He would run at the offender angrily, hustle him to his place with savage nips of his teeth, and drop back to his own position with a comical air of virtue. Once in a great while it would happen that on my spurring up from the rear of the column I would be mistaken for one of the pack-horses attempting illegally to get ahead. Immediately Dinkey or Buckshot would snake his head out crossly to turn me to the rear. It was really ridiculous to see the expression of apology with which they would take it all back, and the ostentatious, nose-elevated indifference in Bullet's very gait as he marched haughtily by. So rigid did all the animals hold this convention that actually in the San Joaquin Valley Dinkey once attempted to head off a Southern Pacific train. She ran at full speed diagonally toward it, her eyes striking fire, her ears

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back, her teeth snapping in rage because the locomotive would not keep its place behind her ladyship.

Let me make you acquainted with our outfit.

I rode, as you have gathered, an Arizona pony named Bullet. He was a handsome fellow, with a chestnut brown coat, long mane and tail, and a beautiful pair of brown eyes. Wes always called him "Baby." He was in fact the youngster of the party, with all the engaging qualities of youth. I never saw a horse more willing. He wanted to do what you wanted him to; it pleased him, and gave him a warm consciousness of virtue which the least observant could not fail to remark. When leading, he walked industriously ahead, setting the pace; when driving—that is, closing up the rear—he attended strictly to business. Not for the most luscious bunch of grass that ever grew would he pause even for an instant. Yet in his off hours, when I rode irresponsibly somewhere in the middle, he was a great hand to forage. Few choice morsels escaped him. He confided absolutely in his rider in the matter of bad country, and would tackle anything I would put him at. It seemed that he trusted me not to put him at anything that would hurt him. This was an invaluable trait when an example had to be set to the reluctance of the other horses. He was a great swimmer. Probably the most winning quality of his nature was his extreme friendliness. He was always wandering into camp to be petted, nibbling me over with his lips, begging to have his forehead rubbed, thrusting his nose under an elbow, and otherwise telling how much he thought of us. Whoever broke him did a good job. I never rode a better-reined horse. A mere indication of the bridle hand turned him to right or left, and a mere raising of the hand without the slightest pressure on the bit stopped him short. And how well he understood cow work! Turn him loose after the bunch, and he would do the rest. All I had to do was to stick to him. That in itself was no mean task, for he turned like a flash, and was quick as a cat on his feet. At night I always let him go foot free. He would be there in the morning, and I could always walk directly up to him with the bridle in plain sight in my hand. Even at a feedless camp we once made where we had shot a couple of deer, he did not attempt to wander off in search of pasture, as would most horses. He nosed around unsuccessfully until pitch dark, then came into camp, and with great philosophy stood tail to the fire until morning. I could always jump off anywhere for a shot, without even the necessity of "tying him to the ground," by throwing the reins over his head. He would wait for me, although he was never overfond of firearms.

Nevertheless, Bullet had his own sense of dignity. He was literally as gentle as a kitten, but he drew a line. I shall never forget how once, being possessed of a desire to find out whether we could swim our outfit across a certain stretch of the Merced River, I climbed him bareback. He bucked me off so quickly that I never even got settled on his back. Then he gazed at me with sorrow, while, laughing irrepressibly at this unusual assertion of independent ideas, I picked myself out of a wild-rose bush. He did not attempt to run away from me, but stood to be saddled, and plunged boldly into the swift water where I told him to. Merely he thought it disrespectful in me to ride him without his proper harness. He was the pet of the camp.

As near as I could make out, he had but one fault. He was altogether too sensitive about his hind quarters, and would jump like a rabbit if anything touched him there.

Wes rode a horse we called Old Slob. Wes, be it premised, was an interesting companion. He had done everything—seal-hunting, abalone-gathering, boar-hunting, all kinds of shooting, cow-punching in the rough Coast Ranges, and all other queer and outlandish and picturesque vocations by which a man can make a living. He weighed two hundred and twelve pounds, and was the best game shot with a rifle I ever saw.

As you may imagine, Old Slob was a stocky individual. He was built from the ground up. His disposition was quiet, slow, honest. Above all, he gave

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the impression of vast, very vast experience. Never did he hurry his mental processes, although he was quick enough in his movements if need arose. He quite declined to worry about anything. Consequently, in spite of the fact that he carried by far the heaviest man in the company, he stayed always fat and in good condition. There was something almost pathetic in Old Slob's willingness to go on working, even when more work seemed like an imposition. You could not fail to fall in love with his mild inquiring gentle eyes and his utter trust in the goodness of human nature. His only fault was an excess of caution. Old Slob was very, very experienced. He knew all about trails, and he declined to be hurried over what he considered a bad place. Wes used sometimes to disagree with him as to what constituted a bad place. "Some day you're going to take a tumble, you old fool," Wes used to address him, "if you go on fiddling down steep rocks with your little old monkey work. Why don't you step out?" Only Old Slob never did take a tumble. He was willing to do anything for you, even to the assuming of a pack. This is considered by a saddle-animal distinctly as a comedown.

The Tenderfoot, by the irony of fate, drew a tenderfoot horse. Tunemah was a big fool gray that was constitutionally rattle-brained. He meant well enough, but he didn't know anything. When he came to a bad place in the trail, he took one good look—and rushed it. Constantly we expected him to come to grief. It wore on the Tenderfoot's nerves. Tunemah was always trying to wander off the trail, trying fool routes of his own invention. If he were sent ahead to set the pace, he lagged and loitered and constantly looked back, worried lest he get too far in advance and so lose the bunch. If put at the rear, he fretted against the bit, trying to push on at a senseless speed. In spite of his extreme anxiety to stay with the train, he would once in a blue moon get a strange idea of wandering off solitary through the mountains, passing good feed, good water, good shelter. We would find him, after a greater or less period of difficult tracking, perched in a silly fashion on some elevation. Heaven knows what his idea was; it certainly was neither search for feed, escape, return whence he came, nor desire for exercise. When we came up with him, he would gaze mildly at us from a foolish vacant eye and follow us peaceably back to camp. Like most weak and silly people, he had occasional stubborn fits when you could beat him to a pulp without persuading him. He was one of the type already mentioned that knows but two or three kinds of feed. As time went on he became thinner and thinner. The other horses prospered, but Tunemah failed. He actually did not know enough to take care of himself; and could not learn. Finally, when about two months out, we traded him at a cow-camp for a little buckskin called Monache.

So much for the saddle-horses. The pack-animals were four.

A study of Dinkey's character and an experience of her characteristics always left me with mingled feelings. At times I was inclined to think her perfection; at other times thirty cents would have been esteemed by me as a liberal offer for her. To enumerate her good points: she was an excellent weight-carrier; took good care of her pack that it never scraped nor bumped; knew all about trails, the possibilities of short cuts, the best way of easing herself downhill; kept fat and healthy in districts where grew next to no feed at all; was past-mistress in the picking of routes through a trailless country. Her endurance was marvelous; her intelligence equally so. In fact, too great intelligence perhaps accounted for most of her defects. She thought too much for herself; she made up opinions about people; she speculated on just how far each member of the party, man or beast, would stand imposition, and tried conclusions with each to test the accuracy of her speculations; she obstinately insisted on her own way in going up and down hill—a way well enough for Dinkey, perhaps, but hazardous to the other less skillful animals who naturally would follow her lead. If she did condescend to do things according to your ideas, it was with a mental reservation. You caught her sardonic eye

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fixed on you contemptuously. You felt at once that she knew another method, a much better method, with which yours compared most unfavorably. "I'd like to kick you in the stomach," Wes used to say; "you know too much for a horse!"

If one of the horses bucked under the pack, Dinkey deliberately tried to stampede the others—and generally succeeded. She invariably led them off whenever she could escape her picket-rope. In case of trouble of any sort, instead of standing still sensibly, she pretended to be subject to wild-eyed panics. It was all pretense, for when you *did* yield to temptation and light into her with the toe of your boot, she subsided into common sense. The spirit of malevolent mischief was hers.

Her performances when she was being packed were ridiculously histrionic. As soon as the saddle was cinched, she spread her legs apart, bracing them firmly as though about to receive the weight of an iron safe. Then, as each article of the pack was thrown across her back, she flinched and uttered the most heartrending groans. We used sometimes to amuse ourselves by adding merely an empty sack, or other article quite without weight. The groans and tremblings of the braced legs were quite as pitiful as though we had piled on a sack of flour. Dinkey, I had forgotten to state, was a white horse, and belonged to Wes.

Jenny also was white and belonged to Wes. Her chief characteristic was her devotion to Dinkey. She worshiped Dinkey, and seconded her enthusiastically. Without near the originality of Dinkey, she was yet a very good and sure pack-horse. The deceiving part about Jenny was her eye. It was baleful with the spirit of evil—snaky and black, and with green sideways gleams in it. Catching the flash of it, you would forever after avoid getting in range of her heels or teeth. But it was all a delusion. Jenny's disposition was mild and harmless.

The third member of the pack-outfit we bought at an auction sale in rather a peculiar manner. About sixty head of Arizona horses of the C. A. Bar outfit were being sold. Toward the close of the afternoon they brought out a well-built, stocky buckskin of first-rate appearance except that his left flank was ornamented with five different brands. The auctioneer called attention to him.

"Here is a first-rate all-round horse," said he. "He is sound; will ride, work, or pack; perfectly broken, mild, and gentle. He would make a first-rate family horse, for he has a kind disposition."

The official rider put a saddle on him to give him a demonstrating turn around the track. Then that mild, gentle, perfectly broken family horse of kind disposition gave about as pretty an exhibition of barbed-wire bucking as you would want to see. Even the auctioneer had to join in the wild shriek of delight that went up from the crowd. He could not get a bid, and I bought the animal in later very cheaply.

As I had suspected, the trouble turned out to be merely exuberance or nervousness before a crowd. He bucked once with me under the saddle; and twice subsequently under a pack—that was all. Buckshot was the best pack-horse we had. Bar an occasional saunter into the brush when he got tired of the trail, we had no fault to find with him. He carried a heavy pack, was as sure-footed as Bullet, as sagacious on the trail as Dinkey, and he always attended strictly to his own business. Moreover, he knew that business thoroughly, knew what should be expected of him, accomplished it well and quietly. His disposition was dignified but lovable. As long as you treated him well, he was as gentle as you could ask. But once let Buckshot get it into his head that he was being imposed on, or once let him see that your temper had betrayed you into striking him when he thought he did not deserve it, and he cut loose vigorously and emphatically with his heels. He declined to be abused.

There remains but Lily. I don't know just how to do justice to Lily—the "Lily maid." We named her that because she looked it. Her color was a pure white, her eye was virginal and silly, her long bang strayed in wanton carelessness across her face and eyes, her expression was foolish, and her legs were long and rangy. She had the general

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appearance of an overgrown school-girl too big for short dresses and too young for long gowns—a school-girl named Flossie, or Mamie, or Lily. So we named her that.

At first hers was the attitude of the timid and shrinking tenderfoot. She stood in awe of her companions; she appreciated her lack of experience. Humbly she took the rear; slavishly she copied the other horses; closely she clung to camp. Then in a few weeks, like most tenderfeet, she came to think that her short experience had taught her everything there was to know. She put on airs. She became too cocky and conceited for words.

Everything she did was exaggerated, overdone. She assumed her pack with an air that plainly said, "Just see what a good horse am I!" She started out three seconds before the others in a manner intended to shame their procrastinating ways. Invariably she was the last to rest and the first to start on again. She climbed over-vigorously, with the manner of conscious rectitude. "Acts like she was trying to get her wages raised," said Wes.

In this manner she wore herself down. If permitted, she would have climbed until winded, and then would probably have fallen off somewhere for lack of strength. Where the other horses watched the movements of those ahead, in order that when a halt for rest was called they might stop at an easy place on the trail, Lily would climb on until jammed against the animal immediately preceding her. Thus often she found herself forced to cling desperately to extremely bad footing until the others were ready to proceed. Altogether she was a precious nuisance, that acted busily but without thinking.

Two virtues she did possess. She was a glutton for work; and she could fall far and hard without injuring herself. This was lucky, for she was always falling. Several times we went down to her fully expecting to find her dead or so crippled that she would have to be shot. The loss of a little skin was her only injury. She got to be quite philosophic about it. On losing her balance she would tumble peaceably, and then would lie back with an air of luxury, her eyes closed, while we worked to free her. When we had loosened the pack, Wes would twist her tail. Thereupon she would open one eye inquiringly as though to say, "Hullo! Done already?" Then leisurely she would arise and shake herself.

The Greater Sacrifice

By Myra R. Libby

Through years of toil that knew no day too long
Or night too brief for rest, if so her hand
For doing deeds of love kept firm and strong,
A life all sacrificial she had planned
And lived; her purpose held above defeat,
That one most cherished life might ever be
With richest, rarest blessings all replete.
"Behold!" men said, "she lives unselfishly."

Then shone a light about her, and a voice
In sudden wisdom cried, "No more rejoice,
For naught of blessing in thy giving lies.
Deny! Deny! e'er all his manhood dies."
And heeding then that startling, strange advice,
She made her first great bleeding sacrifice.

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Philippine Independence

The members of the Philippine Independence Committee, whose names are signed to the following address, which is here for the first time published, propose to submit it as an appeal to the political parties assembled in their National Conventions. In addition to the signatures of the members of the Committee, the appeal is indorsed by many men of National prominence. This statement of the views and wishes of those who desire an immediate declaration that the United States will give the Filipinos national independence in the future is sent for first publication to The Outlook as a result of a request, made some time ago by members of the Philippine Independence Committee, that The Outlook should present more fully their views than it has so far done. In response to this request, The Outlook asked for an authoritative statement of those views, and the present circular is offered to The Outlook as such a presentation. Editorial comment on this appeal and upon the general principles involved will be found elsewhere.—THE EDITORS.

THE United States present to the world the spectacle of a democratic republic ruling a foreign people, the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands, with substantially autocratic power. The question to which we invite your attention is not by what means that power has been acquired, but how and for what purpose it is to be used.

Upon the answer given to this question will in some measure depend the institutional character of this Republic, as well as its moral standing among the nations of the earth. While some men, high in official authority, insist that the Philippine Islands must be permanently kept in our possession for commercial reasons, we are told by others that the end our Government has in view is not the material exploitation of those islands for our own profit; that, indeed, whatever in money and in human life the conquest may have cost us, and whatever the exercise of our rule may still cost us, the "Philippines are to be governed for the Filipinos;" that they are to be instructed and trained in the ways of self-government, until at last they may actually govern themselves and occupy a position of national independence.

We respectfully submit to you that only a frank, definite, and unequivocal profession of such a purpose, and the faithful execution of it at a day not unnecessarily delayed, will put this Republic in an attitude worthy of its origin, its fundamental principles, and its moral standards. This will be the only consummation sure to secure the contentment of the Filipinos and to win for ourselves the sincere respect of civilized mankind.

It is an unquestioned fact that the Filipinos, high and low, rich and poor, educated and ignorant, almost without exception, however submissive they may appear, at heart ardently long for national independence. Nor is it probable that this longing will cease. For that cause they have fought and shed streams of blood. They have sacrificed for it tens if not hundreds of thousands of lives. For it they have given their homes to the flames and their acres to devastation. Such a sentiment never dies in the hearts of a spirited people. However benevolent American rule may be, it will remain to them foreign rule, the rule of a foreign conqueror, and, as such, galling and hateful. Such is human nature; we should despise ourselves if it were not ours, and we respect it in others. That yearning for independence will be all the more intense and enduring, as the Anglo-Saxon and Asiatic races are by no means sympathetic to one another, and as many Anglo-Saxons are but too much inclined to assert their superiority in a manner little mindful of the rights, interests, and self-respect of those whom they consider their inferiors.

It is said by men in authority that if we promise the Filipinos their independence at any future day within sight, they will impatiently demand a very early fulfillment of that promise, and that unwholesome agitation and dangerous plotting will be the consequence. As we read the history of the world, it teaches a different lesson. We believe that, on the contrary, the effect of such

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a promise would be tranquilizing and helpful. If to their question how soon that promise is to be fulfilled, the answer is returned that it will be fulfilled as soon as their machinery of self-government is in orderly operation—it being understood that in our judgment of their doings due allowance will be made for their traditions and their racial peculiarities, and that we do not demand or expect their exercise of the functions of self-government to be more honest and wise than ours is at home—then the effect of our promise will be to stimulate their desire to do their best, and thus to inspire their ambition with good purpose and hope.

But if we cut off their hope, or if we so qualify the promise of independence as to the time and the condition of its fulfillment that the good faith of the promise becomes doubtful, then we may indeed look for secret plottings against American rule and for new upheavals and insurrectionary attempts, especially if the United States should ever become involved in conflicts with foreign nations.

That we are strong enough to keep foreign peoples in subjection against their will, and to rule distant colonies as other governments rule theirs, nobody doubts. But the question is not whether we are able to do so—the question is whether we want to do so, or ought to do so.

We are by no means unmindful of the objection that because of the ignorance of a large part of their population, the Filipinos will be unable to build up and maintain an independent government. Neither do we indulge in the delusion that their government will be all that we might desire. But the Cubans have done well since they were left to themselves; and Mexico, Argentina, Chili, and Brazil, after years of turmoil and confusion, have at last succeeded in establishing governments commanding the esteem of the world.

As to the danger of some foreign power pouncing upon the independent Philippines, it may well be expected that American diplomacy, backed by the prestige of this great Republic, will be able to protect them against foreign conquest.

Nor is there any doubt that an independent Philippine government would gladly yield to the United States any accommodations for its navy and any commercial facility that may reasonably be desired.

We do not ask that the power of the United States be withdrawn from the Philippines at once and unconditionally. But we do ask, in the name of the fundamental principles upon which the American Republic was built, and in the name of the justice we owe to the foreign people now our subjects, that the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands be granted their national independence as soon as, with the countenance and aid and under the protection of this Republic, they can install a free government of their own. And we most earnestly entreat your honorable body to give expression to this demand in the platform of the political party which you represent.

CHARLES F. ADAMS, Massachusetts.
Dr. FELIX ADLER, New York.
President EDWIN A. ALDERMAN, La.
JAMES M. ALLEN, California.
W. H. BALDWIN, Jr., New York.
Bishop CHAUNCEY B. BREWSTER, Conn.
General R. BRINKERHOFF, Ohio.
GEORGE BURNHAM, Jr., Pennsylvania.
President GEORGE C. CHASE, Maine.
R. FULTON CUTTING, New York.
President CHARLES W. ELIOT, Mass.
President W. H. P. FAUNCE, R. I.
PHILIP C. GARRETT, Pennsylvania.
President G. STANLEY HALL, Mass.
Chancellor WALTER B. HILL, Georgia.
Rev. W. R. HUNTINGTON, New York.
President WM. DE W. HYDE, Maine.
Prof. WILLIAM JAMES, Massachusetts.
President DAVID STARR JORDAN, Cal.
President HENRY CHURCHILL KING, O.
Prof. J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN, Illinois.
CHARLES F. LUMMIS, California.
Hon. SAMUEL W. MCCALL, Mass.
WAYNE MACVEAGH, Washington, D. C.
Bishop W. N. MCVICKAR, Rhode Island.
Rev. C. H. PARKHURST, New York.
GEORGE FOSTER PEABODY, New York.
BLISS PERRY, Massachusetts.
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President J. G. SCHURMAN, New York.
Prof. EDWIN R. A. SELIGMAN, New York.
Hon. GEORGE F. SEWARD, New York.
President ISAAC SHARPLESS, Pa.
Judge RUFUS B. SMITH, Ohio.
Bishop J. L. SPALDING, Illinois.
Prof. W. G. SUMNER, Connecticnt.
ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON, Pennsylvania.
Prof. HENRY VAN DYKE, New Jersey.
HORACE WHITE, New York.

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Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

A B C of Options and Arbitrage (The). By S. A. Nelson. Publisher, S. A. Nelson, New York. 5×7 in. 87 pages. $1.

Adolescence: Its Psychology. By G. Stanley Hall, Ph.D., LL.D. In 2 vols. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 6×9½ in. $7.50, net. (Postage, 42c. additional.)

Reserved for later notice.

Adria: A Tale of Venice. By Alexander Nelson Hood. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6×8 in. 447 pages. $2, net.

A highly sublimated romance in which the lovelorn hero is involved in the Venetian struggle for freedom during the middle of the last century. The tone is serious, indeed solemn, the style somewhat ponderous, and the theme sad. Adria, a young girl, orphaned and alone, refuses love, and dies with patriotic expressions of loyalty to Venice upon her lips.

Adventures Among Pictures. By C. Lewis Hind. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6¼×9 in. 302 pages. $2.50.

This delightful book is a collection of reflections and critical studies suggested by rambles among pictures. As the rambles lead the writer through many galleries, famous and little known, through private collections, and to auctions, the pictures and the painters dealt with are, naturally, of many schools, many epochs, and many grades. It is, indeed, a "book of appreciations," for the writer, keenly alive to the beautiful, finds it in obscure canvases as well as in the great pictures of the world; and shares with the reader the pleasure he has experienced in discovering beauty in quiet corners. The amateur—as well as the artist—will find much enjoyment in this book, which is in no sense technical, but is extremely suggestive and original in treatment, and contains much interesting criticism of ancient and modern art.

Ancient Monuments and Ruined Cities; or, The Beginnings of Architecture. By Stephen D. Peet, Ph.D. Illustrated. American Antiquarian, Chicago. 6×9¼ in. 474 pages.

Dr. Peet has given us a volume of rare interest, with over seventy-two full-page illustrations, and over two hundred others. All lands are here brought into view, but proportionally the largest space is given to our own continent, both North and South. While the volume is mainly descriptive, the theories of the chief authorities as to the origin and order of development are stated and discussed, and the questions still open for future settlement are recognized. The splendid ruins in Central America are elaborately described, but the secret of their origin is still undiscovered.

Association Hymn Book: For Use in Meetings for Men. Compiled by a Special Committee representing the Young Men's Christian Association of North America. The International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations, 1904.

Undoubtedly a great improvement upon the hymn-books commonly in use among Young Men's Christian Associations, and indeed among the young people's societies in most churches. To fall short of the standards demanded by good taste at least in music appears to be requisite in books that are "practical," as this one certainly is. On the whole, the proportion of dignified and singable tunes is large, and the proportion of sentimental hymns is small. That the book is designed for use in Canada as well as the United States is shown by the appearance of "God Save the King" opposite "America." The navy associations will find several hymns especially suited for their use.

Better New York (The). By Dr. William H. Tolman and Charles Hemstreet. Afterword by Josiah Strong. Illustrated. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 320 pages. $2, net.

This very attractive little volume, with its artistic illustrations that really illustrate, is made up of paragraphs very tersely and happily characterizing the many philanthropic, religious, and educational forces in New York from the Aquarium on the Battery to the colleges and institutions at the northern end of Manhattan Island and the Bronx. The territory included is only part of the great city of New York, but it is the busy part. After looking over this volume, one is made aware again of the fact that a great city includes both the worst and the best; that in it there are the most degrading forms of vice; but that there are also in it visible evidences of that spirit of unselfishness and service which gives worth to every kind of virtue.

Brave Hearts. By W. A. Fraser. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 307 pages. $1.50.

A dozen race-horse stories, clever, spirited, and sympathetic.

Bred in the Bone. By Thomas Nelson Page. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 274 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Bright Face of Danger (The). By Robert Neilson Stephens. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5½×7¾ in. 322 pages. $1.50.

Such prowess and proficiency in sword-play as Henri de Launay's are at once recognizable as a direct inheritance from his father, the Sieur de la Tournoine, whom we have met before in "An Enemy to the King." In "The Bright Face of Danger" the son

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acquits himself with credit to his blood, and greatly to the entertainment of all who follow his adventures.

Calumet "K." By Merwin-Webster. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 345 pages. Paper bound, 25c.

Chemistry of the Household: Parts I., II., and III. Prepared by Margaret E. Dodd, S.B. American School of Household Economics, Chicago. 5½×7¾ in. Paper bound.

Civil Government in the United States: Considered with Some Reference to its Origins. By John Fiske. New Edition, with Additions by D. S. Sanford. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 378 pages.

This well-known and very useful book of Mr. Fiske's, designed for the use of young people and others who wish to get in concise form a comprehensive view of American government, differs from his other works in being not so much a historical study as a practical handbook. For its continued usefulness, therefore, changes from time to time are necessary. In this edition the book is brought up to date. The additions by Mr. Sanford are clearly indicated in the text by brackets. The principal addition is in the chapter on City Government.

Comforting Thoughts. By Rosa F. Huyler. Brentano's, New York. 5×6¾ in. 60 pages.

Cornish Ballads and Other Poems. By R. S. Hawker. Edited by C. E. Byles. Illustrated. John Lane, New York. 5×7½ in. 312 pages. $1.50, net.

A new edition of the poems of R. S. Hawker, better known as the Vicar of Morwenstow, based on the text of the edition published five years ago, but omitting the memoir and bibliography which appeared in that edition. This single volume is printed from very clear type, is light to the hand, and contains a number of illustrations of localities described in the poems, a portrait of Hawker serving as a frontispiece. There is very good material in many of these poems; they are full of spirit, fire, and vivacity. The best-known pieces in the volume are "The Song of the Western Men" and the "Trelawny" ballad, the latter a piece of writing so full of native force that Walter Scott accepted it as an ancient song.

Crossing (The). By Winston Churchill. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 598 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Dangers and Sufferings of Robert Eastburn and His Deliverance from Indian Captivity. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1758. Edited by John R. Spears. The Burrows Bros., Cleveland. 5½×8¼ in. 76 pages.

Dark Ages (The). By W. P. Ker. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 361 pages. $1.50, net.

The latest addition to the series of Periods of European Literature, edited by Professor Saintsbury, of which some eleven or twelve volumes have already appeared—a series of distinct value to the literary student because of the interesting division of the subject and the general competency of the work. In the present volume, the writer gives the literary history of the Dark Ages, which he distinguishes from the Middle Ages, confining them to the centuries of the "barbarian migration before the establishment of the Romance languages, and the kind of civilization that is implied in them." The writer deals at some length with the Latin writers of the sixth century and later; with popular Latin verse; with the Teutonic languages, including the Old German, Saxon, Norse, and Icelandic poetry and German prose; with Irish scholarship and prose writing; with the Greek anthology and with the French epic. This volume will rank among the best in the series in point of scholarship, but it is less interestingly written than many of its predecessors.

Dictionary of Etiquette, A: Guide to Polite Usage for all Social Functions. By W. C. Green. Brentano's, New York. 5×8 in. 290 pages. $1.25, net.

Double Garden (The). By Maurice Maeterlinck. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5¼×7¾ in. 149 pages. $1.40, net. (Postage, 12c.)

Reserved for later notice.

Elementary Algebra. By J. H. Tanner, Ph.D. The American Book Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 364 pages. $1.

Faith of Men and Other Stories (The). By Jack London. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 286 pages, $1.50.

The stories that make up this volume are quite various, but the setting for all is the same. And, taking them thus together, one gets from the writer's realism a cumulatively strong impression—a vivid composite picture of the difficult life of the Alaskan region which Mr. London's previous achievement has taught us to look for in his work.

Flame-Gatherers (The). By Margaret Horton Potter. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 417 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

First Lessons in the New Thought. By J. W. Winkley, M.D. The James H. West Co., Boston. 5×7¼ in. 77 pages. 60c.

Five-Minute Talks. (Second Series.) By Clinton Locke, D.D. The Young Churchman Co., Milwaukee, Wis. 5¼×7¾ in. 262 pages. $1.25.

Foolish Dictionary (The). By Gideon Wurdz. Illustrated. The Robinson Luce Co., Boston. 4½×7½ in. 190 pages.

Greek Grammar (A): Accidence and Syntax for Schools and Colleges. By John Thompson, M.A. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 494 pages. $1.50, net.

Gymnasium zu Stolpenburg (Das). By Hans Hoffmann. Edited by Valentin Buehner. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4½×6½ in. 145 pages.

How to Know the Butterflies. By John Henry Comstock and Anna Botsford Comstock. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5¼×8½ in. 311 pages. $2.25, net.

While specially applicable to the Eastern part of the country, in large measure this book identifies the chief species of the United States at large. The colored illustrations are beautifully rendered portraits, and the descriptions are full but plainly written. Altogether, the book is well designed for a beginner in the charming study of butterfly life.

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In Assyrian Tents: The Story of the Strange Adventures of Uriel. By Louis Pendleton. The Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 248 pages.

Introduction to Metal-Working (An). By J. C. Pearson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 110 pages. 60c., net.

Island Pharisees (The). By John Galsworthy. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 311 pages.

A modern English novel, with a hero more pharisaical, it seems to us, than the Pharisees he and the author are continually pointing out.

Jack Barnaby. By Henry James Rogers. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 121 pages. $1.

James Lawrence, Captain United States Navy, Commander of the Chesapeake. By Albert Gleaves. Illustrated. (American Men of Energy Series.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×8 in. 337 pages. $1.35, net.

In opening, Lieutenant-Commander Gleaves calls the attention of his readers to the "curious fact that although the name of Lawrence is more familiar than those of the other brilliant sea-fighters of the War of 1812, there is less known of him personally than any of his contemporaries." It cannot be said that Lieutenant-Commander Gleaves adds much to our "personal" knowledge of the illustrious Commander of the Chesapeake, since his work is more a record of events than a carefully rounded biography. As a contribution to the literature dealing with the early history of the navy we may, however, commend it warmly, for the author has clearly been at great pains to compile authoritative accounts of the various naval campaigns in which his hero took part. Perhaps the most noteworthy feature is the presentation of what appears to be convincing proof that the charge that Lawrence gave battle to Broke with a ship and crew unfit for service is unfounded. Lieutenant-Commander Gleaves's conclusion, after sifting all the evidence, is that "his mistake lay, not in fighting the Shannon, but in his manner of attack." The story of the battle itself is forcefully told. While simplicity and candor mark the narrative throughout, a tendency to platitude is noticeable, and one's confidence in the author's ability to arrive at critical estimates is shaken by coming across such phrases as, "Success has been truly said to be the criterion of merit; failure, of incapacity," and "According to modern ethics this letter was highly insubordinate, but, fortunately for Lawrence, he lived before the days of Blue Books, and a Captain did and said pretty much as his own will and inclination dictated." The work is prefaced with a brief and characteristic introduction by Admiral Dewey.

Kings and Queens I Have Known. By Hélène Vacaresco. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5½×8½ in. 320 pages. $2, net.

The author of this volume, Miss Hélène Vacaresco, was for many years maid-of-honor of the Queen of Rumania, and recast and edited several volumes of Rumanian folk poems of great interest. Her court associations brought her in contact with many of the ruling sovereigns of the time; and in this volume she has given, in a discursive and pleasant fashion, her impressions of Queen Elizabeth of Rumania, the King and Queen of England, the Emperor of Germany, the Czar and Czarina of Russia, the King and Queen of Italy, the Queen of the Netherlands, Queen Victoria, Leo XIII., and of two or three other rulers of lesser importance. The book belongs to a large literature of impressions and comments of contemporary persons of interest or importance. It is high-class gossip of a wholesome sort, recorded by a woman who was sufficiently on a level with the people about whom she writes to be free from some of the worst vices of those who attempt to record the habits and the doings of the great in station.

King Arthur and His Knights. By Maude L. Radford. Illustrated. Rand, McNally & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 272 pages.

Light of the Star (The). By Hamlin Garland. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 278 pages. $1.50.

A quite innocuous love story of an actress and a playwright. The difficulties attending the putting on of a new play and the uncertainty of its reception are well brought out by the author, and all his actors show to advantage behind the scenes. Outside the greenroom of their New York theater they do not seem so lifelike.

Little Gardens: How to Beautify City Yards and Small Country Spaces. By Charles M. Skinner. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4½×7¼ in. 250 pages. $1.25, net. (Postage, 10c.)

Mr. Skinner begins with the distressing statement that only a hundred homes are built in Manhattan in a year, while tenements multiply by thousands. In spite of this fact, however, he cheerfully plans for small gardens in such back yards as are permitted to the crowded cities, and, being filled with enthusiasm and common sense, he brings a vital message to city dwellers. Nothing impossible is suggested, all the obstacles are recognized, yet in the end a tiny garden blooms and refreshes, where before there were only confusion, dust, and ugliness. The city and country yard, the choice of flowers, shrubs, the wild garden, and many minor points are taken up. The style of the writer is that of a companion walking about the garden and explaining things. He says truly that there is so little natural beauty in the town that we cannot afford to neglect the chance to extend it.

Love's Proxy. By Richard Bagot. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 300 pages. $1.50.

While there are unpleasant elements in this story, yet the author has such a firm grasp upon his material and uses it to such advantage that the reader is well repaid. Mr. Bagot did a stronger piece of work in "Casting of Nets," a former story, but the problem he discusses here has its interest also. The awakening of real love in the nature of a

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pure-minded woman is always attended with some danger. This heroine develops like some slow-opening bud, destined by nature to bloom luxuriantly, yet hindered in the process by many adverse circumstances.

Magnetic North (The). By Elizabeth Robins. Illustrated. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 417 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Manual of Pronunciation for Practical Use in Schools and Families (A). By Otis Ashmore. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5½×7½ in. 67 pages.

Massasoit's Town: Sowams in Pokanoket. By Virginia Baker. Published by the Author, Warren, R. I. 6½×9½ in. 43 pages. Paper bound, $1.

Mind of St. Peter and Other Sermons (The). By Mandell Creighton, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D. Edited by Louise Creighton. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 192 pages. $1.20, net.

These are the sermons of a distinguished scholar and man of letters, the utterance of a cultured and a spiritual mind. They are characterized at once by insight, simplicity, and practicalness. A number of them were given on occasions of public importance. The discourse on "The Hope of the Future," in special reference to nations of the Teutonic stock, was printed by request of the Emperor of Germany. The series is one of high excellence. Bishop Creighton was reckoned among High Churchmen, but these sermons do not place him in any party.

Mother's Manual (The). By Emelyn Lincoln Coolidge, M.D. (The Woman's Home Library.) A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 4¼×7 in. 263 pages. $1, net.

An exceedingly useful handbook for any one who has the care of a little child. Sensible, practical, and at the same time scientific in its point of view, clear and readable in style, well planned and indexed, this book in the hands of a mother might well make the difference between her child's sickliness and health, even conceivably between his death and his life. It is an admirable supplement to such a primer as that by Dr. L. Emmett Holt on "The Care and Feeding of Children." The greater part of the little volume deals with the care of children under three years of age, but there is a chapter on the diet, training, and possible ailments of children from the fourth to the seventh year. So far from taking the place of a physician (which no book can do), it indicates when it is wise to call in a physician, and promotes the parents' intelligent co-operation with him. Moreover, with the routine matters concerning which recourse to medical advice is impracticable, but of which some general knowledge is invaluable, this book deals most helpfully.

Mural Painting. By F. Hamilton Jackson, R.B.A. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼×8 in. 180 pages. $2, net.

This book is distinctly for craftsmen. It treats mural painting from the technical point of view, and is full of practical suggestions for the artist. Beginning with a historical sketch of mural painting—which, we are told, never ceased to be used even during the darkest period of the Middle Ages—the writer treats, in turn, the different forms of the art. He describes in detail how the different methods were used by various artists and at different periods, and gives suggestions as to their use by modern painters. The aim of the book is, while giving practical information, also to encourage and emphasize true originality—that which does not scorn to learn from the experience of the past.

Nature's Comedian. By W. E. Norris. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 330 pages. $1.50.

Cast by nature for the part more than by election or schooling, the "leading man" of this clever English book goes through his comedy of errors off the stage in a manner that holds the audience, even when it foresees at the last his too dramatic exit and the author's one blunder.

Neighbor (The): The Natural History of Human Contacts. By N. S. Shaler. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 342 pages. $1.50, net.

When a naturalist brings to his study of social conditions imagination, and to his writing about them a command of clear, forceful English, he produces—The Neighbor. This volume is really a study of the problem created by race prejudice, and concerns itself mainly with the Jew and the negro. Mr. Shaler analyzes this prejudice and the opposite trait of sympathy; and traces from causes to result the tribal spirit which, while it binds some people together, separates them from others. Then, applying the principles he has found by analysis and historic study to the specific problems created by the existence of Jews and negroes in this country, he suggests certain lines to be followed in ridding Americans of that tribal feeling which results in unneighborly treatment of the Jew and the negro. The existence of millions of negroes in the United States he regards as unquestionably constituting the most difficult problem of the country. Christianity, which, as given by its Founder, is opposed to the spirit of unneighborliness, has to a great degree failed to expurgate it because it early became corrupted with polytheism and took on tribal characteristics. Only as it becomes freed from the notion imposed on it that it is designed merely to save individuals can it become the power it ought of right to be in making men neighbors of one another. Of the negroes Professor Shaler has much to say. A native of Kentucky himself, he knows well the Southern view, and believes in the ability of the Southern people to solve the problem; but he speaks frankly concerning certain principles of which Southerners need especially to be reminded. The negro, who he believes stands as well as a man as he stands ill as a citizen, ought to be taken "out of politics" (which, by the way, does not necessarily mean disfranchised), but at the same time ought to be given the chance to become

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what he can. He believes in the ideas of General Armstrong and Booker Washington. Merely as a contribution to the discussion of the negro problem his book is notable for clearness and sanity. Some of the things he has said in "The Citizen" (reviewed in The Outlook for March 19) he repeats here from a different point of view. The "way out" is by a union of modern learning with the Christian spirit. Professor Shaler's mastery of a wide range of knowledge is remarkable in these days of specialization. An authority on geology, a historian of Kentucky, a philosopher of religious spirit as shown in his book on "The Individual," the author of a drama, "Elizabeth of England," in blank verse, a writer on civics, he now turns out to be a social psychologist, if the phrase may be used, whose work may well become a classic.

Old West Surrey: Some Notes and Memories. By Gertrude Jekyll. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 6×9½ in. 320 pages. $4.50, net.

This corner of Surrey is that to the southwest, where Hampshire and Sussex join. It has in a more than ordinary degree retained close memories of ancient rustic customs and manners, and it is only lately that modern bustle has shouldered aside the old ways. Now the curious and antique furniture and odd household gear have largely fallen into the dealer's hands, but the author has been able to secure a notable number of photographs of oddities, and describes them clearly. There are also good pictures of country scenes, ancient cottages, and village churchyards. Lovers of the quaint and queer will find the book attractive.

Our Political Degradation. By Dush C. Hawkins. The Grafton Press, New York. 5¼×8 in. 289 pages.

A collection of essays elaborating the author's main contention that our "whole political system is rotten to the core," and that the "criminal rich" are "the real and mighty lords of our misgoverned land"—phrases sufficiently indicative of the temper of the work. The writer criticises floridly and in unmeasured terms not only the whole fabric of American government but also national characteristics, finding much to condemn and little to praise. His book is a striking example of the way in which an honest and sincere observer may be led, as Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll put it, in replying to a paper by General Hawkins, to "mistake an eddy for the main stream." It is one thing to point out flaws and faults in judicial and legislative machinery and administration, in suffrage, naturalization, and immigration laws, in treatment of race problems, and in the conduct of public and private affairs generally; it is quite another to conclude, from the fact that abuses exist, that the United States is peopled by "vicious millions," and that the abuses can be corrected by nothing short of a second French Revolution, with the difference that our revolution will give the present republic to the control of an "imperator." It must be granted that many of the author's allegations have a foundation in fact, but it does not follow that our recognition of the evil should blind our perception of the far overbalancing good, and that we need despair of the country. This, unfortunately, is the attitude assumed by General Hawkins, the more to be deplored since it must prejudice readers against giving the really sound criticisms advanced the consideration they merit.

Philippine Islands, 1493–1898 (The). Translated from the Originals. Edited and Annotated by Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson. With Historical Introduction and Additional Notes by Edward Gaylord Bourne. Illustrated. Vol. XIII.—1604–1605. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, Ohio. 6½×9½ in. 318 pages.

Precious and Sacred Writings of Martin Luther: The Epistles of St. Peter and St. Jude. Translated and Edited by John Nicholas Lenker, D.D. The Lutherans in All Lands Co., Minneapolis, Minn. 5½×8¼ in. 383 pages.

The thoughtful reader gains from this volume a fresh sense of the value of the expository use of the Bible in meeting prevailing errors. It is the third volume of the series now in course of publication. This republication of Luther's works is largely motived by the purpose to spread and strengthen evangelical Protestantism among the multitudes sent forth from Europe in emigration to other continents, especially our own.

Queen's Quair (The). By Maurice Hewlett. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 509 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Radio-Activity. By E. Rutherford, D.Sc., F.R.S., F.R.S.C. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 399 pages. $3.50.

The first thoroughly scientific discussion of the property and phenomena of radio-active bodies. It is designed for special students rather than for general readers.

Radium, and All About It. By S. R. Bottone. Illustrated. Whittaker & Co., New York. 5¼×8½ in. 96 pages. Paper bound, 25c.

Religion in Homespun. By F. B. Meyer, B.A. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 208 pages. $1, net.

Mr. Meyer here turns from his usual themes of religious doctrine to speak of religious practice "between Sundays," as Dean Hodges phrases it. In this wide and varied field he takes up such subjects as "Service and Servants," "Neighbors and Neighboring," "Living to be a Hundred," and such as "Family Prayer," "Sunday Observance," and "The Child." In these, and in such chapters as "Christian Commerce" and "True Gentlefolk," he illustrates his creed that when Christ is both the center and the circumference of a human life, there is full scope for all that is natural, wholesome, and delightful.

Rhymes of Robert Rexdale. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8 in. 99 pages.

Romance. By Joseph Conrad and F. M. Hueffer. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 428 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

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Russia: As Seen and Described by Famous Writers. Edited and Translated by Esther Singleton. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 363 pages. $1.60, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Russia: Her Strength and Her Weakness. By Wolf von Schierbrand, Ph.D. With Maps. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×8 in. 304 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Silent Places (The). By Stewart Edward White. Illustrated. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 304 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Sir Roger de Coverley Papers (The). From the "Spectator." (Standard Literature Series.) University Publishing Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 147 pages. 20c.

Studies in Shakespeare. By J. Churton Collins. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 380 pages. $2, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Sunset Rock (The). By May Baldwin. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼×7½ in. 388 pages. $1.50.

A story for girls.

Systematic Homiletics. By the Rev. J. J. A. Proudfoot, D.D. Edited by the Rev. J. A. Turnbull, B.A., LL.B., and the Rev. A. J. MacGillivray, M.A. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. $1.25.

The principles and method of Homiletics, as taught for thirty-four years at Knox College, Toronto, by the late Professor Proudfoot, are exhibited in this volume. The rhetorical presentation of Bible truths needs to be cultivated on the lines here insisted on. There is too much preaching that needs transformation from the mollusk into the vertebrate type. Dr. Proudfoot's emphasis on the importance of getting definite subjects out of texts, and a clear conception of the object to be aimed at in the sermon, is well designed to correct desultory, vague, and slovenly practice. While his theological opinions are evidently extremely conservative, he is concerned with *how* to preach effectively rather than *what*, and his instruction upon this is valuable.

Temple School Shakespeare: Julius Cæsar. Edited by F. Armytage-Morley, M.A., D.C.L. **As You Like It.** Edited by Flora Masson. **Richard II.** Edited by W. Keith Leask, M.A. **Hamlet.** Edited by Oliphant Smeaton, M.A. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 50c. per vol.

Tomfoolery. By James Montgomery Flagg. Illustrated. Life Publishing Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 120 pages.

Twelve Christmas Stories. By Charles Dickens. (Eclectic School Reading.) Edited by Jane Gordon. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 304 pages.

Tyrants of North Hyben (The). By Frank Dilnot. John Lane, New York. 5×7¾ in. 302 pages. $1.50.

A crudely written story of country life in an island off the coast of England, the action revolving about a "poor but honest" yeoman, victim of prejudice and petty gossip, who, after many days of tribulation, is delivered from "the fell clutch of circumstance" and from the personal and impersonal "tyrants" of the island. The "tyrants" include a sturdy blacksmith, a man of opinions and a marvel of inconsistency, who gives the tale a swing that saves it from the limbo of boredom.

Uncle Mac's Nebrasky. By William R. Lighton. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 184 pages. $1.25.

The rugged strength that nerved Uncle Mac's arm in conquering the Western wilderness remained with him in old age, and was shown in his shrewd judgment of men and his quaint tales of adventure. Rough but not coarse in speech, the stories he tells are convincing, and mirror a phase of life swiftly passing away.

Villa Claudia (The). By John Ames Mitchell. Illustrated. Life Publishing Co., New York. 5×8 in. 306 pages. $1.50.

A carefully written story of southern Italy, with a charming Italian villa and its gardens as a background; a vein of artistic and antediluvian scholarship as a subordinate but very effective motive. The tradition of a crime and striking contrasts of Italian and American character are the elements which Mr. Mitchell has skillfully woven together in a book not notable for originality or strength, but carefully written, refined in tone, and very pleasant to read.

Virginian (The). By Owen Wister. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 504 pages. Paper bound, 25c.

War in South Africa (The): Prepared in the Historical Section of the Great General Staff, Berlin. Authorized Translation by Colonel W. H. H. Waters, R.A., C.V.O. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 280 pages. $4, net.

Wealth of Nations. By Adam Smith. Introduction and Summary by Hector Macpherson. (New and Condensed Edition.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 232 pages. $1, net. (Postage, 10c.)

What Handwriting Indicates: An Analytical Graphology. By John Rexford. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.25, net.

What Jesus is Doing: Why Regeneration by the Holy Spirit Destroys the Appetite for Strong Drink. By J. F. Shorey. Alfred Holness, London, England. 5×7½ in. 192 pages.

Woman Wins (The). By Robert Barr. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 313 pages. $1.50.

A volume of short stories of modern life, chiefly illustrating the rough course which is proverbially the lot of true love.

Works of William Makepeace Thackeray (The). (Kensington Edition.) XVI. **The Adventures of Philip.** In 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×9 in. Per vol., $2.

Yorkshire: Coast and Moorland Scenes. Painted and Described by Gordon Home. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6½×9 in. 148 pages.

Attention is inevitably first called to the charming color plates with which this volume is adorned. "An Autumn Scene on the Esk" and "The Coast at Saltburn," for instance, are rarely fine bits of color drawing and printing. In his text Mr. Home also shows a rare taste for the picturesque and quaint.

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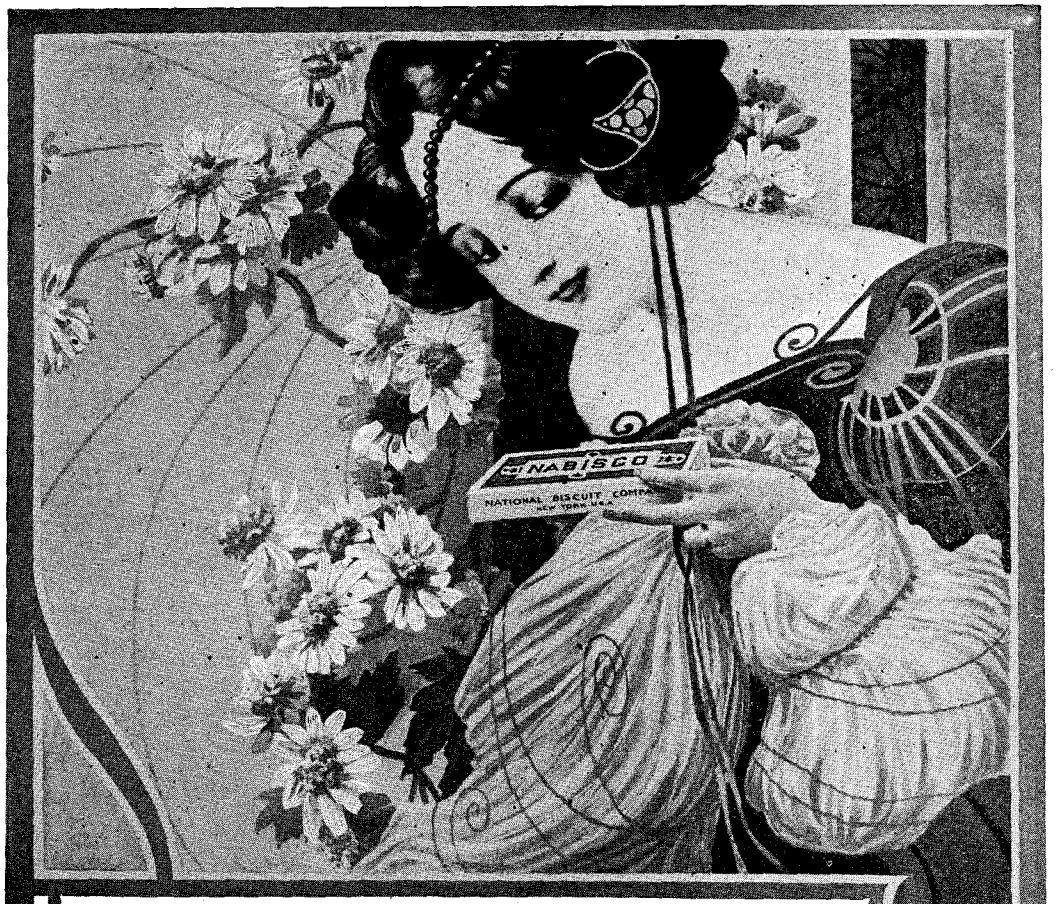

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is of great assistance to Outlook readers seeking *Positions* or *Business Opportunities*, or looking for *Help* in all the better grades. An advertisement in The Outlook Want Department is almost certain to bring results. *The rate for notices in this Department is* Five Cents *for each word or initial, address included. Orders should be sent (with remittance) at least ten days prior to publication.*

WANTED—By a trained and experienced woman, a position to teach Biblical literature in a college or private school for the autumn of 1904. The best of references given. Address C. E. G., No. 561, Outlook.

FAMILIES and institutions in need of housekeepers, matrons, mother's helpers, companions, etc., address Miss Richards, 48 Lloyd Ave., Providence, R. I.

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WANTED—Teachers, clergymen, and other educated men of business ability to represent us; weekly salary or guarantee paid. Give age, qualifications, references. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

PARTNER wanted. Established business, poultry and gardening. $7,000 invested. Integrity and capital required. References. No. 1,113, The Outlook.

WANTED—Position as housekeeper or companion by trustworthy woman of education and refinement, thoroughly competent. Age thirty-nine. Satisfactory references. Address No. 1,015, The Outlook.

HARVARD graduate student, tutoring for University entrance examinations; also tutoring during the summer. References. Address No. 1,027, The Outlook.

A position now open—Manager $2,000; bookkeeper $1,200; salesman $1,500; secretary $1,000. Write for free booklet of open positions. Business Opportunity Co., 1 Union Square, New York.

SUMMER teaching; Wellesley graduate, most successful in preparing for college examinations, will tutor during summer—will travel, or take entire charge of pupils in country. No. 1,127, The Outlook.

TEACHERS, Principals, Governesses—immediate vacancies and for September. Fall orders being received. Communicate now in time for annual bulletin. Schermerhorn Teachers' Agency, 3 East Fourteenth Street, New York City.

WANTED—By young lady of refinement, position as mother's helper, to children over three, for summer. Terms reasonable. Address Box 193, Mystic, Connecticut.

BOSTON—The Temple Club, 90 Appleton St., offers to young men coming here to reside, lodgings at reasonable rates, with wholesome home surroundings. References.

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EDUCATED young woman offers clerical or companion service. Will travel. No. 1,773, The Outlook, Chicago Office.

TEACHER desires position as governess or companion, at seashore, during July and August. References exchanged. Address Box 205, Ambler, Pennsylvania.

POSITION wanted as managing housekeeper or companion. No. 1,797, The Outlook.

WANTED, boarders—Farmhouse, modern improvements, east end Long Island, ½ mile from ocean. Still water bathing, fishing, boating. Prices on application. Address Mrs. L. E. Osborn, Wainscott, N. Y.

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WANTED—Treatment for girl eight years old. Spinal trouble. Very nervous. Neither walks nor talks plainly. Healthy considering sedentary condition. W. E. Wetmore, Congojas, Cuba.

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WANTED—Young woman of refinement, sound health, and good education, between twenty-two and thirty-two years of age, to enter a Special Training School for Nurses. For particulars address No. 4,262, The Outlook.

GOVERNESSES, visiting and resident, teachers, professors, traveling companions, kindergartners, musicians, trained nurses, librarians, matrons, etc. For desirable engagements, address Miss Hopkins' Agency, 1 and 3 Union Square, New York.

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YOUNG lady, teacher, wishes summer tutoring. College preparatory subjects. Best references. No. 1,811, The Outlook.

YOUNG man, teacher, wishes summer tutoring. College preparatory subjects. Best references. No. 1,813, The Outlook.

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REFINED young woman of education desires position as companion or secretary. Unexceptionable references. Address No. 1,793, The Outlook.

GIRL desiring to enter college this fall wishes position for the summer as companion or mother's helper; has had experience with children. References. Address No. 1,807, The Outlook.

FOR Sale—The high school and college department of well located private school. No. 1,885, The Outlook.

WANTED—By young lady, position as companion or governess. Salary is no consideration. Best references. Address No. 1,627, The Outlook.

EMPLOYMENT wanted for summer by self-supporting student. Any locality. Best references. No. 1,635, The Outlook.

WANTED—By young lady, position as governess to young children, or companion. References. Address G. P., Nutley, N. J.

CHRISTIAN lady, normal graduate, experienced; references; desires position to take full charge of children, or assist, or coach. No. 1,641, The Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPER—Educated middle-aged Canadian wants position. Practical experience accounts, cooking, marketing, etc. Six years present position. References. No. 1,639, The Outlook.

YOUNG gentlewoman desires immediate engagement as nursery governess. No. 1,637, The Outlook.

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FEW guests or family can be accommodated at attractive old place in Farmington, Conn. Address Box 163.

A teacher, college-educated, desires a position as caretaker for children during the summer. 507 Chestnut St., Springfield, Mass.

RIDING saddles for sale.—Two finely made ladies' riding saddles will be sold at less than half cost. For particulars address No. 1,647, The Outlook.

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KINDERGARTNER—Experienced, public and private schools, connecting work, basketry, desires position. Best references. No. 1,867, The Outlook.

HARVARD graduate, experienced tutor and private school instructor, desires tutoring for the summer. Best references. No. 1,881, The Outlook.

See 11th page following

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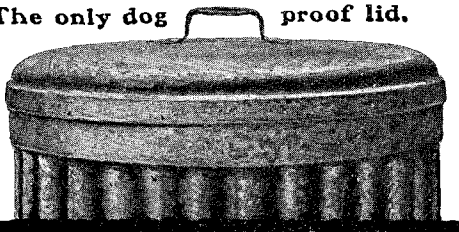

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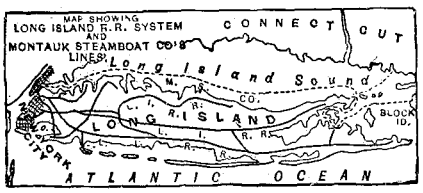

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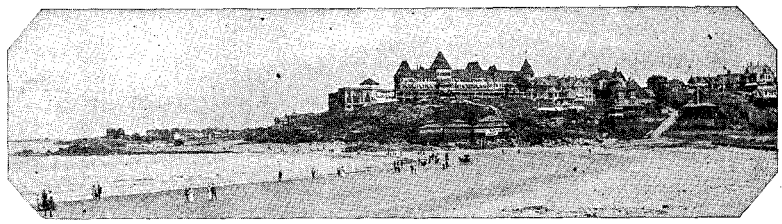

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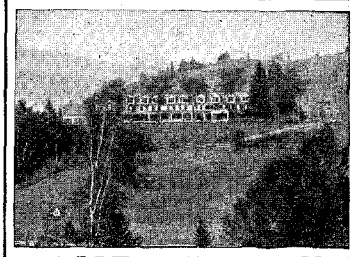

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